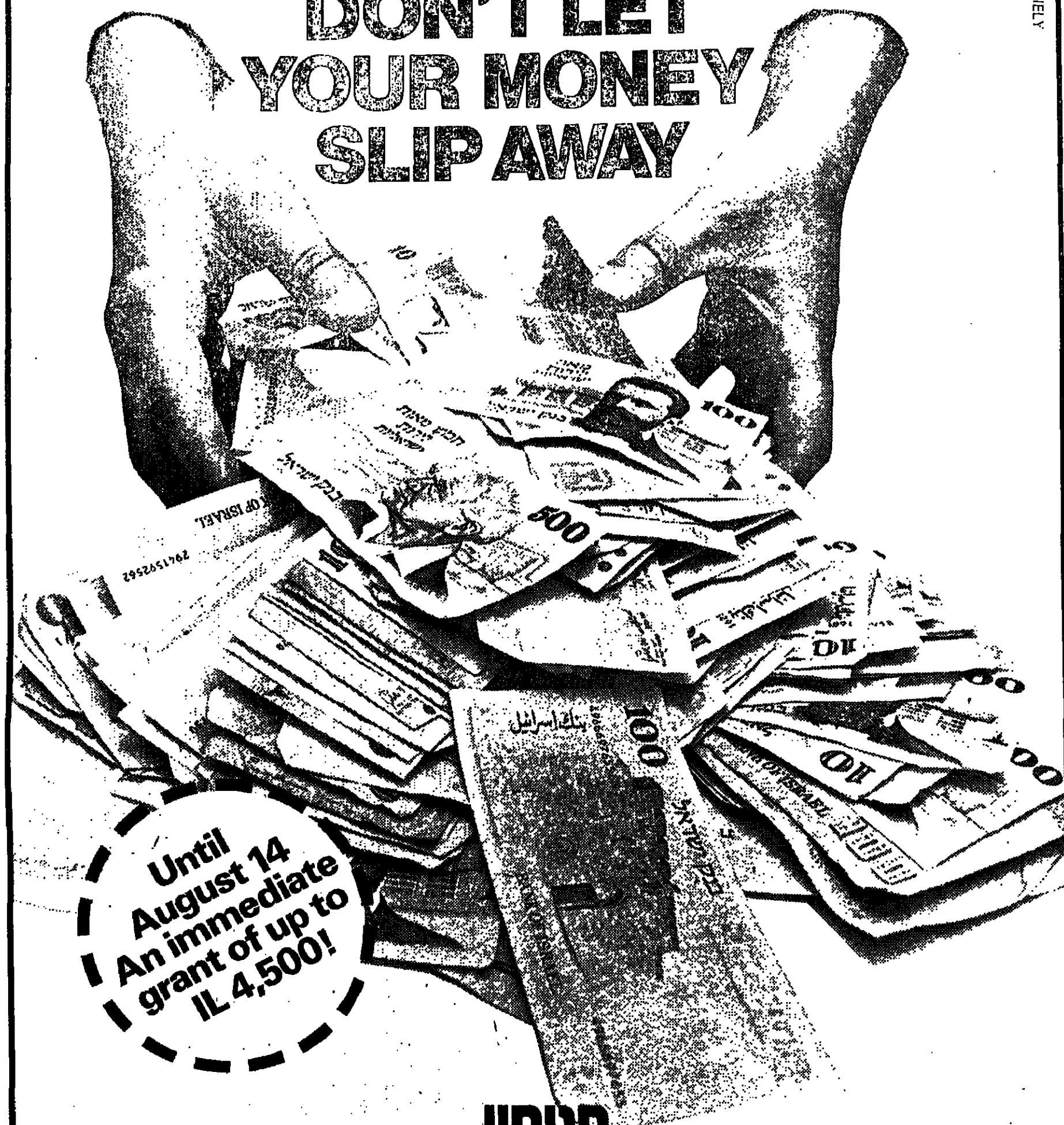


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THE JERUSALEM  
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Friday, August 12, 1977

**Danziger's  
last work**

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# KARO

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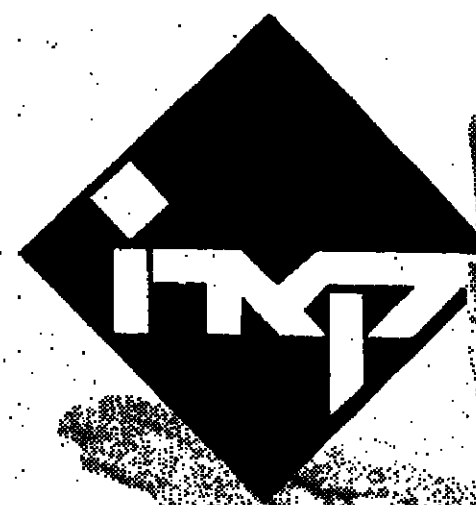
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Over: "The Idol," one of Yitzhak Ansiger's last works (I. Zafir).

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## GOOD FRIDAY

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הכרזה מן הארץ



DESPITE demonstrations in various countries by people who are scared of atomic energy, the world is going nuclear. At this moment, 200 reactors are in operation, with another 350 under construction in twenty states.

Up to now, the human race has been securing energy by burning combustible fuels — petrol, coal or whatever. Not surprisingly, stocks are at long last running out. The new raw material is uranium.

Buying it is not difficult, but that is not enough. The problem is that it has to be enriched. Alex Beck, a young scientist employed at the Atomic Energy Committee in Tel Aviv, explains. A lump of uranium is mostly U-238. Only 0.7 per cent of the lump will be U-235, the critical component. Enrichment increases the proportion to the necessary concentration, which is 3 or 4 per cent.

It is a specialized, expensive process. The handful of enrichment plants which operate in the U.S. consume between them, according to Beck, three times as much electricity as does the entire State of Israel. So we are dependent on the Americans for the supply not of uranium, but of enriched uranium.

Pure uranium — that is, enriched to over 90 per cent — can be murderously dangerous. It is possible to unleash an uncontrolled chain-reaction; in other words, to create an atom bomb.

This can only happen if the fuel used is pure uranium, which the great powers, notably the U.S., will not release under any circumstances.

We have said that the need for enriched uranium makes Israel (and not only Israel) dependent on the U.S. But it is possible, Beck points out, to make atomic energy out of ordinary, non-enriched uranium. For U-238 also reacts when bombarded by neutrons. It does not split, true, but it changes. It turns gradually into plutonium. Plutonium is a fissionable material, like U-235, and can be used for destructive purposes.

THERE IS another danger, which makes the whole subject of atomic energy anathema to persons preoccupied with the purity of the environment. The process of nuclear fission creates intensive radio-activity.

There are two particularly critical phases. Spent nuclear fuel can be re-processed. During that operation, radio-active materials are released, which have to be taken away and buried deep in the earth.

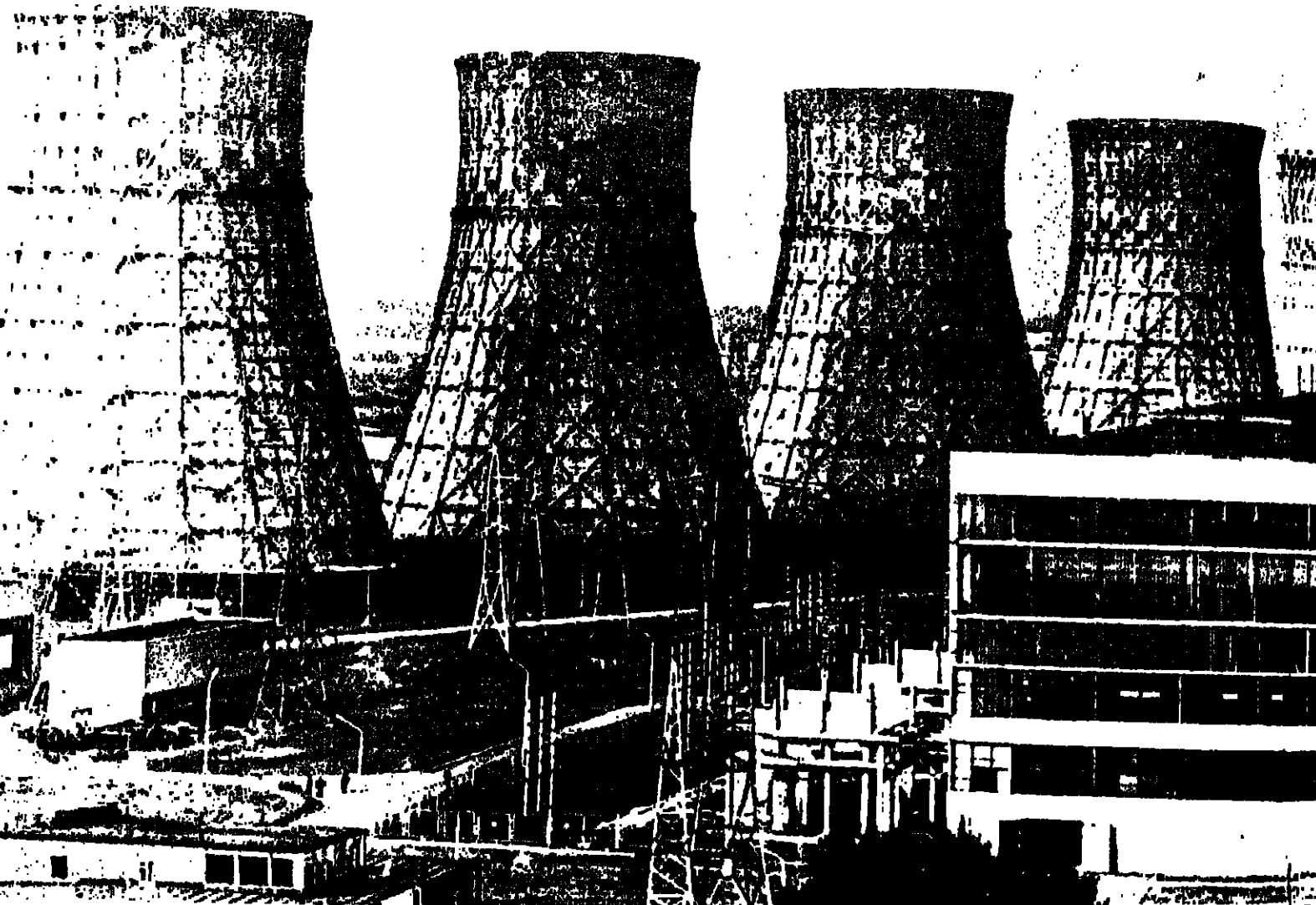
That is Problem Number One. Fortunately it does not concern Israel, at least in the foreseeable future, since re-processing will have to be done abroad, being (like enrichment) a costly and complex process.

Problem Number Two occurs when a reactor is being decommissioned, after a long life (30 or 40 years) of faithful service. It has to be decontaminated. This may involve concentrating all the radio-activity into one or more casks, and burying the casks somewhere in the Negev.

Israel could have a third problem. What happens if a reactor is hit by a missile in war? The answer offered by the American Nuclear Society is that the missile would have to penetrate the outer containment shell (which is powerful enough to withstand the impact of a large commercial aircraft); then it would have to rupture a concrete layer 7-10 feet thick; and after that it must make its way through the 8-10 inches of steel casing that surrounds the reactor core.

# EDGING INTO NUCLEAR POWER

Israel's decision to build a nuclear power station has aroused a great deal of controversy. Some critics are against atomic energy in general, others object to the site chosen. More important, the U.S. Government has still not authorized the sale to us of a nuclear reactor. DAVID KRIVINE reports.



A view of the Soviet atomic power station of Voronezh, housing four atomic reactors and said to be the world's largest of its kind.

Scientists are convinced that they can cope with the job of isolating radio-activity. They have worked out duplicate and triplicate protective systems, with back-up arrangements, so that the chances of trouble are — they say — one in a million reactor-years.

Anyway, in terms of volume, there is not a great deal of radio-active waste to bury. A leaflet produced by General Electric says that if the U.S. acquires a thousand nuclear reactors by the year 2000, each producing 1,000mw of electricity, the land needed for all the nuclear waste produced by then would not exceed 50 acres.

EVEN IF the chances of radio-active leakage are small, is it really necessary to build atomic power stations? Cannot the whole subject be pigeon-holed for another generation, until methods are perfected and dangers reduced still further?

There is in fact a process in view, called nuclear fusion (as against nuclear fission). It generates less radio-activity and requires simpler safety systems. But fusion is only achieved when the atoms are heated to a temperature of 100m. degrees.

As things stand, the energy required to do that is greater than the energy produced by the fusion process. The problem is how to achieve thermonuclear fusion cheaply. It will be solved — ex-

perts are sure of that; but not in the near future. Atomic fusion as a commercial process is for the 21st century, they say.

Meanwhile, we must go on living. The Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) predicts that by 1985, world oil production will be only 45m. barrels a day, of which 35m. will be required by member-states of OECD (the industrialized powers) — provided they have by then 325,000mw of nuclear power. Only 10m. barrels will be available for the rest of the world, including the OPEC countries themselves.

If atomic energy is frozen at present levels, the amount of oil needed by the OECD countries alone by 1985 will be 44m. barrels a day, practically all the quantity available at the predicted output figures.

There is only one other substitute: coal. It must be stated clearly that the ideas bandied about concerning thermal energy, solar energy and hydro-electricity (if we build a canal from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea) can provide only peripheral solutions in the present epoch. The problem is how to produce 1,000mw at a time, not 100mw. And for that there are only three sources: oil, coal and nuclear energy.

Coal is a viable alternative to nuclear energy. The world's deposits show no signs of running out. But is it safe to put all this

country's eggs into one basket? The problem to be faced is how our energy needs are to be supplied until the end of the present century. If we build another five coal-fired stations by then, we shall need to import 15m. tons of the black tinder a year. Just for the Hadera station now under construction, 10 ships of 80,000 tons each will be continuously engaged in bringing coal to our shores.

The advantage of nuclear energy is that it does not require so much raw material, either in bulk or in terms of cost. A whole year's supply of fuel for a nuclear power station can be brought here on a single aeroplane trip.

Then again, it is not only the nuclear reactor that presents dangers to health and environment. Carbon dioxide, created by the combustion of coal, affects climate, sulphur pollutants cause disease.

According to a survey by the American Nuclear Energy Policy Study Group, even if something goes badly wrong and there is a serious leakage of radio-activity, damage is not unlimited. Assuming several thousand deaths from the nuclear mishap, including fatalities from cancer over a 30-year period, that would equal the results of a full-sized hurricane.

Taking everything into account, says the survey, "the adverse health effects of nuclear power are less than, or within the range of, the adverse health effects of coal."

ARIEL AMIAD, director-general of the Israel Electric Company (IEC) thinks it best to play safe and, spread his risks. By 1985, he says, our electricity will be produced, according to present plans, 40 per cent by coal, 40 per cent by nuclear energy, and 20 per cent by oil.

A practical man, Amiad is evidently attracted to nuclear energy — though, as he points out, the corporation has no prejudice in the matter, one way or the other. The investment, he admits, is great but the cash can be borrowed, and the fuel is cheap. Cost of enriched uranium per 1,000mw plant should be \$20m. a year as against \$120m. of diesel for oil-fired station.

The expense involved in erecting Israel's first big reactor, reckoned by Moshe Katz, head of IEC's power-station planning division, at \$1.2b. More than half the expenditure will be in local currency. This includes all the construction work, and a good per cent of the equipment.

"If you work out total output over the lifetime of the reactor, including the cost of fuel, it is greater than the total output of old-fashioned oil-fired station," Katz sums up.

Anyway, atomic energy suits the Israeli temperament, Amiad believes, precisely because it is technologically safe.

"Our chaps work best when they have a challenging problem."

like a sudden breakdown in a power-station or a transformer. They will work day and night to get it right."

Knesset Member Moshe Arens, now chairman of the Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee, strongly reinforces Amiad's argument, maintaining that Israel has a rare opportunity of entering the atomic age.

"The world faces a shortage of engineers and technicians skilled in the task of creating modern power-stations," he points out. "Building our own atomic station will qualify us to offer our services to other countries too."

"We could create teams of architect-engineers able to plan a whole reactor by themselves. There are only 12 or 15 companies in the world doing that. Each assignment could yield us earnings of \$100m."

Mr. Arens puts forward another argument. "A large number of Israeli atomic scientists have left the country for lack of employment opportunities, and now live in the U.S. Can't we take the hint? A bold advance into the field of high technology — that is the only way to halt Jewish emigration out of Israel."

To a question about the remote but catastrophic danger of atomic fall-out he replies: "If mankind had been over-concerned with catastrophic dangers, we would not be travelling in jet planes today."

SOME PEOPLE, like Professor A. Perano of the Technion, are opposed to the construction of an atomic power-station under any circumstances. Not because it cannot be made reasonably safe — it can. Atomic energy has been running for almost a generation in Europe (East and West) and North America, so far without a single accident worthy of the name.

The problem is, according to Perano, that reactors cannot be made absolutely safe; and if something should go wrong, then the price would be a heavy one.

What could go wrong? Sabotage, for example, something to which Israel might be particularly exposed.

Suppose, he argues, a PLO man gets across the border with a nuclear bomb in his suitcase (for which all you need is 20 kgs. of pure uranium or 5 kgs. of plutonium — both of which commodities, by the way, are at present definitely not on the market). His purpose is to breach an Israeli reactor. He accomplishes his mission, and radio-activity is released.

If half the radio-active materials contained in the reactor were to seep out, people would be killed within a distance of 25 kms. and injured within 70 kms. Land contamination might exist over an area of 100,000 square miles (20 times the size of Israel).

Of course, the thought that must crop up is, if the enemy can introduce an atomic bomb into the country, he can spare himself the trouble of looking for a nuclear reactor. A couple of saboteurs with a suitcase in either hand could blow up a good part of Tel Aviv.

But can something really go wrong with the reactor? No-one denies that the chances are minimal, and that the mishap might never occur at all. Where people argue is over the importance that must be attached to the remote chance that something might happen one day.

Dr. Boaz Moav, a young sabra scientist and former MK, does not go as far as Professor Perano. He

recognizes, albeit reluctantly, that the reactor is here to stay. What bothers him is that not enough time, money and attention are being devoted in Israel to a proper examination of the necessary precautions.

All the decisions are made by the IEC, he says. This is a business concern, out to make money. What kind of reactor to build, and where to locate it should be the responsibility of another agency, with broader responsibilities. The Industry Ministry perhaps? They are not expert enough, and are themselves involved in the obligation of the executive branch to get things done.

What about the Atomic Energy Committee? That, says Moav, comes under the prime minister, so we are back to square one. The National Energy Authority? He does not think it qualifies either: it is too close to the administration. Governments in general are not to be trusted. Dr. Moav is disturbed by their power to steam-roller things through, without proper regard to long-term considerations.

"We've seen it all before," he explains.

The Reading D site for a power station was rejected by the town-planning authorities. So a special law was passed, which overrode their decision. The power station was built where the government wanted it to be; and we have been suffering the consequences ever since.

"There is only one solution: the creation of an independent statutory authority, entrusted with the exclusive power to license nuclear installations." It should be a non-governmental body, with representatives of the public on the board.

"The IEC, being all-powerful in this matter, has made up its mind that it is going to build the reactor in Nitzanim on the coast, come what may. They have already invested IL100m. in investigations and preparations there. They don't intend to waste that money."

The fact that it is close to two densely-inhabited localities, Ashdod and Ashkelon, doesn't disturb them — though it has disturbed the residents of those towns."

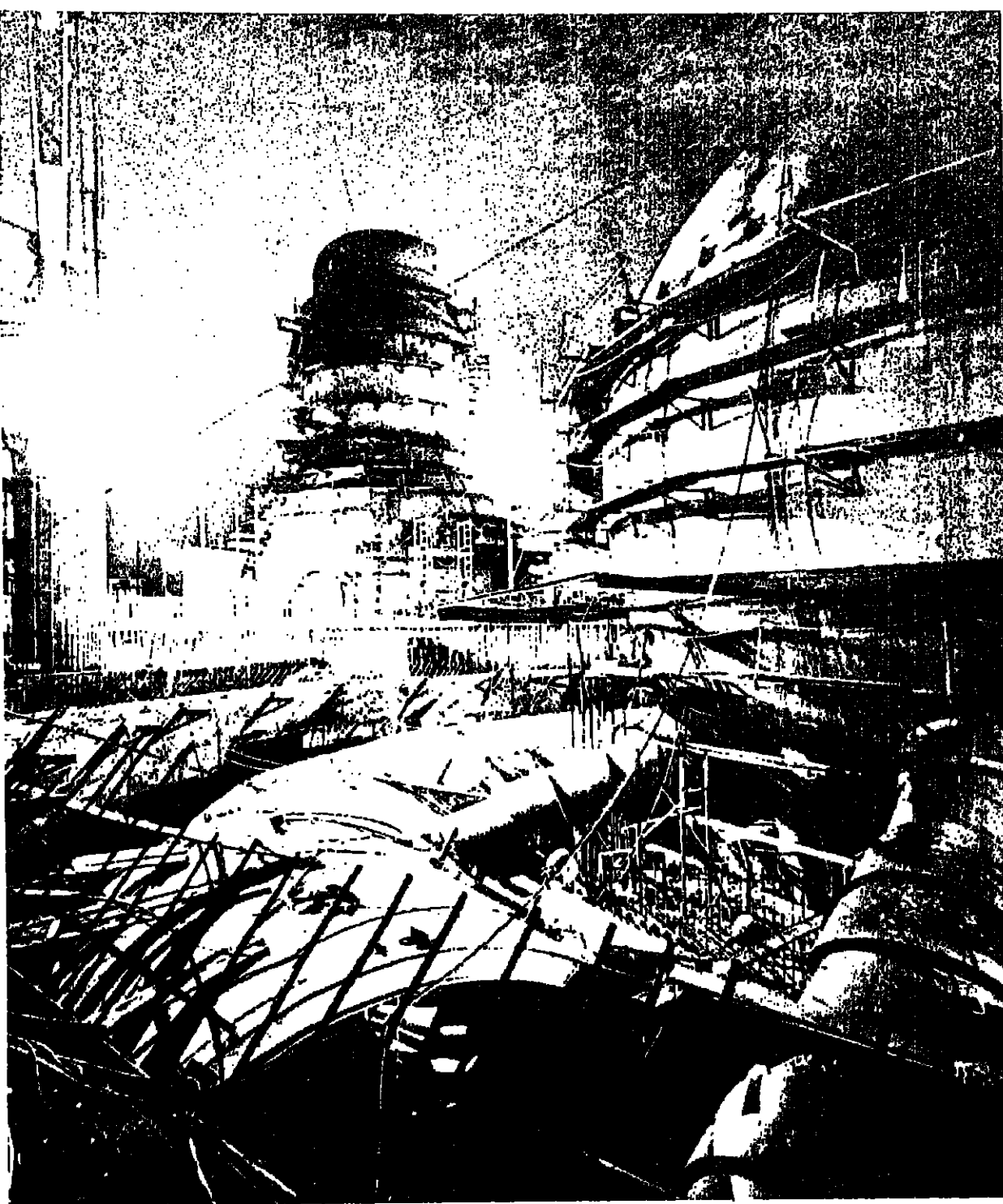
THE PROBLEM is that a reactor needs enormous quantities of water for cooling, which makes the sea-coast a natural choice. And Israel's sea-coast is very congested. Zikhron has been suggested as an alternative seashore location. But it lies between Ashkelon and Gaza, which makes it no better than Nitzanim.

Dr. Moav himself favours inland sites like Halutza, or Mashabei Sadeh, 25 kms. from the coast and well away from any population centres. What about the water? Pump it there, he says.

All the studies and consultations and deliberations that Moav wants take time. Israel must have a new power-station functioning by 1985, so the work has to start now. All right, he says — build another coal-fired station. If we have one, we can have two. That would give us time to think the problem through and to make proper preparations before taking the fateful step of going nuclear.

Haim Kuberaky, director-general of the Interior Ministry, is reassuring. There is not such a great hurry as all that, he says. Nitzanim is by no means final as a choice for Israel's first atomic plant.

Mr. Kuberaky is chairman of the National Planning and Building Board, and makes it clear that this agency cannot be



The massive nuclear power plant being constructed in Alabama now provides electricity to the south-eastern U.S.

pushed around. The public are aware of the controversy over atomic energy, and would react angrily against any government attempt to pull a fast one on the Planning Board, as happened in the case of Reading D. No motion to by-pass the board would command a parliamentary majority this time, he is certain.

The IEC may be in a hurry, but Kuberaky is not. Consideration of the project, he says, has hardly begun. "We have set up a team to work out a procedure for discussions, but we haven't started the talks," he states firmly.

IT IS QUITE possible that Kuberaky does not need to hurry. Buying a reactor in the U.S. requires permission from Washington, and that has not been granted yet.

Israel is prepared to let the Americans inspect any reactor they supply, but the State Department demands, as a condition of authorizing the sale of a reactor to the IEC, the right to inspect all Israel's nuclear installations, whoever puts them up, and wherever they may be.

This is not just a device for eliminating the danger of an atomic conflagration; there is politics in it too. The U.S. has promised to provide both Egypt and Israel with reactors. The Egyptians demand that the U.S. exercise rights of total inspection in both countries. They have nothing to lose, because they do

not have any nuclear development of their own; but they think Israel has, and Sadat would like to see that development immobilized.

Then there is the pressure that the White House may want to exert against any excessive Israeli intransigence at Geneva. Not only Arabs can apply pressure; the Americans have their bargaining instruments as well. As it happens, opinion in the U.S. is divided. A delegation of Congressmen headed by Senator Ribicoff, which recently visited Israel, recommended that this country be allowed to buy a reactor, without conceding in return full inspection rights. Two of the nine members of the delegation dissented.

The point is this: a new power-station (additional to Hadera) will have to be ready by the end of 1985. If it is to be atomic, construction must start right now. But it cannot start until Washington gives the signal; that signal is not forthcoming, and the months are slipping by.

THE IEC has frozen planning work on the nuclear plant, and has asked the American consulting firm, Sergeant and Landy, to suspend most of their programming operations. Serious consideration is being given to the possibility that we may have to fall back on a second coal-fired plant. The reasons are not those spelled out by Boaz Moav, but the upshot should cause him satisfaction.

The attempt to go nuclear may have to be postponed awhile.

The chairman of the IEC, Dr. Yacov Arnon, is mum about this political deadlock. A general discussion on the subject suggests, however, that the prospect would not faze him. He apparently does not mind if his company is compelled to build yet another coal-fired unit instead of going nuclear.

But atomic energy will come in the end; he is convinced of that. It is happening everywhere, and will happen here too.

Israel did not rush into this headlong, he reminds us. Professor Shimon Yiftah wanted an atomic reactor as far back as 1952.

"I opposed it then, and it's fortunate we didn't go ahead. It would not have worked out financially. But you can see from that how long we have been thinking and talking about atomic energy. The Atomic Energy Committee has been around for a long time. First under Professor Israel Dostrovsky, then under Shalhevet Freier, now under Uri Ellam."

"We weighed up the proposal again and again. Four times we decided in the negative. So you cannot accuse us of being over-hasty. The present site in Nitzanim was chosen seven years ago."

But why not inland? Because it cannot be done.

"Don't imagine that we have one power-station to build after Hadera and that's all. We are

(Continued on page 7)

הקדמה לאור



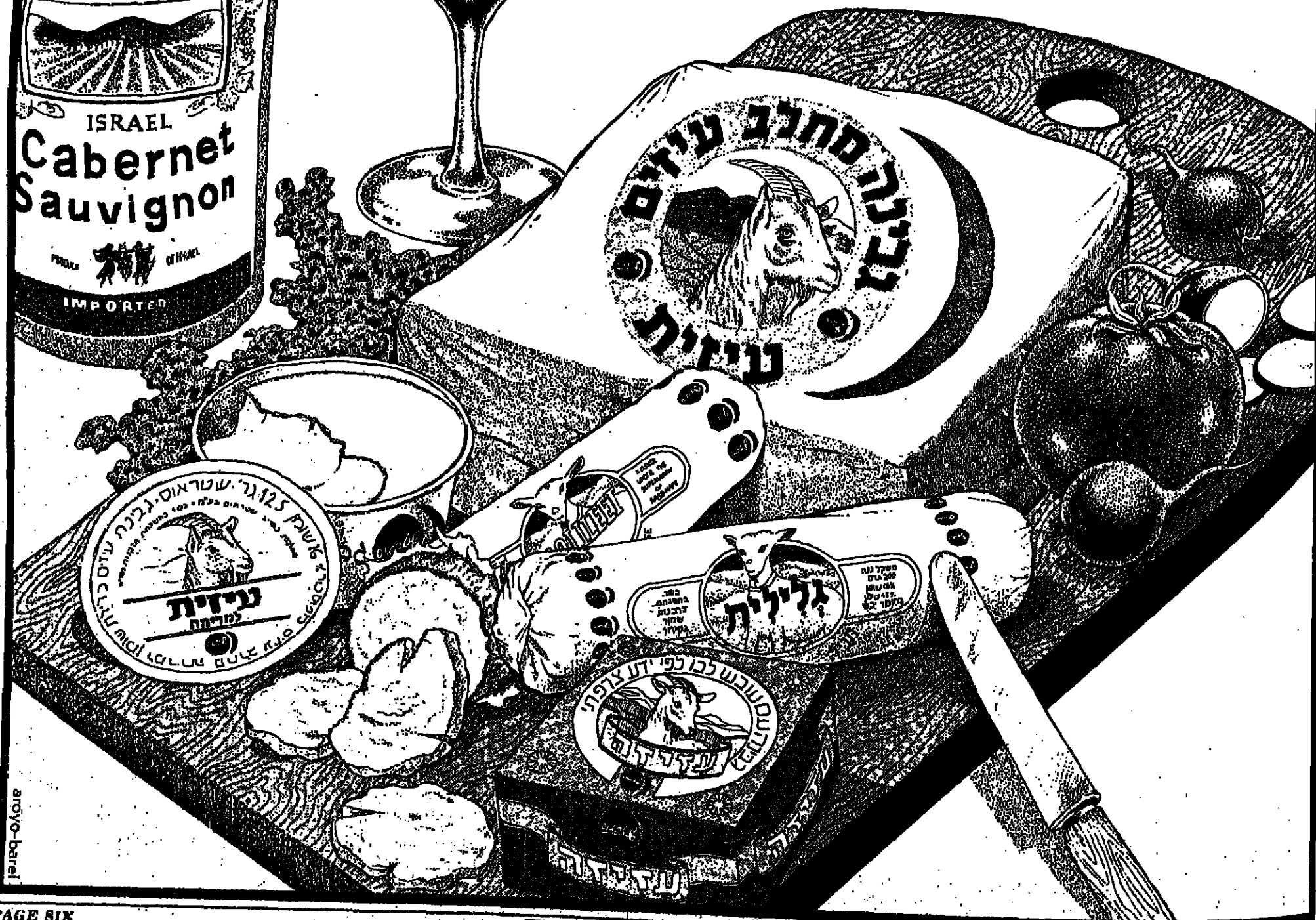
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PAGE SIX

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1977

הכרזה מן האוכל

## NUCLEAR POWER

(Continued from page 1)

thinking about power-stations in the plural. Before finishing this reactor, we shall be starting on a second one. Each unit needs 1,000m. cubic metres of water for cooling. The two stations programmed would require 2,000m. between them. Pumping that volume of sea water inland and then back to the ocean is just not feasible.

Haim Bar-Lev, when he was Minister of Commerce and Industry, suggested digging a canal all the way from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea. Would that not solve the problem?

"The canal would only carry 1,000m. cubic metres. We shall be needing twice that figure, as I told you."

Well, what is to stop us from designing a wider canal, as wide as is necessary? Cannot be done, Arnon states. If you pump 2,000m. cubic metres a year into the Dead Sea, it will overflow its banks — with incalculable results.

ALL THESE arguments over protection and siting will become largely academic — if Israel does not manage to acquire an atomic reactor at all. An agreement had been drawn up over inspection rights that appeared satisfactory to Gerald Ford's government; but Carter is known to be more cautious about the possible spread of atomic weapon capabilities.

Suppose that the U.S. keeps stalling, what are the alternatives? Several have been suggested.

One is to try another supplier country, in Europe. This must take time. It means starting from scratch, with new negotiations. They may be difficult, if the Americans insist that there are political factors which have to be considered by the Europeans too. The Middle East is generally viewed as a powder-keg. Governments are reluctant to risk political trouble.

Another suggestion has been made, notably by Uzi Eilam, head of the Atomic Energy Committee, and Professor Arnon Dar, of the Technion: Israel should build its own reactor. That is (to use an under-statement) not easy. To design one afresh would be risky, and expensive. To copy an existing model would require the cooperation of a willing government — and would also be expensive.

In any case, such an ambitious project must take time. Israel would be able to construct its own reactor in due course, if it made up its mind to do so — that is not questioned. But with the best will in the world, the job cannot be completed early enough to supply the country's next power-station.

If the successor station to Hadera, at Nitzanim or wherever, is to be powered by atomic energy, the unit must be purchased in the U.S.; and that requires Jimmy Carter's approval. If that approval is not given, the prospects are that this country will be putting up two coal-fired stations, not one. And the entry of atomic energy into the Israeli scene will not be quite as imminent as it seemed a short while ago.

He sees *The Lifeguard* as a comedy, but certainly not a farce.



Uri Zohar, Hanna Laslau and Gila Almagor discussing a scene from "The Lifeguard."

(Ostrowsky)

## LIFESAVING MOVIE

One of the country's leading entertainers, Uri Zohar, has just completed a new film, which is to be released in September. CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER learns how, by making this a cooperative venture, with each participant working "on spec," he may be establishing a landmark in Israel's movie industry.

URI ZOHAR is not expecting a Grand Prix for his new film *The Lifeguard*... and were he to receive one he would no doubt turn it down, as he did last year's Israel Prize, on the grounds that "you make a good film for the sake of doing your job well, and not to gain public acclaim."

His views on the matter have not changed since he last talked to me, when he was making his stage debut in his first straight acting role, in the Haifa Theatre's very successful *The Effect*. He rejects any suggestion that his theatre experience has had any particular effect on the making of this, his third full-length feature film. (The other two were *Hamlet* and *Peeping Toms*.) Nor does he feel that his big success as a TV panel-game compere (*That's my Secret* and *Nine Squared*) has contributed to his ability to make films.

On the contrary, he says, his television work falls into the same category as all his work as a compere and entertainer, which is based on an easy manner, improvisation, saying what comes into your head and making funny faces where appropriate. As opposed to this approach, and the make-believe world of theatre, it is the element of realism that is so important in a film. If it is to be faithful to the characters it is portraying, reality cannot be sacrificed for the sake of comic situations.

He sees *The Lifeguard* as a comedy, but certainly not a farce.

It was all shot "where it really happened," he throws in with a grin and a fleeting take-off of a Hollywood accent. And since where it happened was the Tel Aviv sea-front, this did not present any location problems.

Zohar's characters have "titles" rather than names: he himself is "the Lifeguard," Gila Almagor, "the Wife," Gabi Amrani, "Co-Lifeguard," Joseph Shilon, "Father-in-Law," Hanna Laslau, "Mother-in-Law," Hanna Laslau is *Hamitnafeset* — one of those almost untranslatable onomatopoeic Hebrew slang words — perhaps *Flitterbug* is the best English equivalent.

The basic theme is simple enough: a lifeguard with three children, quite happily married, has a father-in-law who is prepared to offer his daughter anything to leave a husband he regards as a good-for-nothing. The "plot" consists of the father-in-law employing a young, pretty tourist who hangs around on the beach, in the hope that she will seduce the lifeguard, that he can catch him out and be rid of him as a son-in-law. In good bedroom-comedy style, with the help of a variety of incongruous situations, it all sorts itself out quite happily in the end.

AS IN HIS first two films, Uri Zohar has poked a theme close to his own personal life. He has always lived within a hundred metres of the Tel Aviv beach. "I suppose I'm really playing my own dream," he admits. Had he not become an actor, he would

have happily taken to the life of a beach boy.

While the story is based on a real one, the characters drawn from several of his own close friends, he sees the film as a vehicle for "a comedy which sticks to realism, with of course comic exaggeration here and there; a story which is strictly Israeli, our places, our language, our behaviour. And at the same time, it is avoiding the hackneyed Sephardi-Ashkenazi confrontation and all the accompanying corny jokes, and also completely free of politics."

I break in for a minute to ask Uri what came of his brief political campaign a few months back.

"I stepped out of politics together with Rabin," he says.

Returning to the theme of his script: "For me, a lifeguard's job is a most important one. At the same time, I have always been struck by the seemingly paradoxical philosophy of the lifeguards I meet on the beach: a tremendous *joie de vivre* and easy going attitude to life, combined with a very serious sense of responsibility about their job of protecting human lives."

Though he finds it hard to define the matter precisely, Uri feels that *The Lifeguard* is a better film than his other two, that his experience in making them has taught him where he missed the boat, how to make a better comedy. (Notwithstanding, both productions were considered successful in terms of locally-

made films designed for Israeli audiences.)

WE MET on a sunny morning in one of those little old houses tucked away behind the concrete hotel jungle of Hayarkun Street — a relic of what was once picturesque "Little Tel Aviv," now hemmed in on all sides by high-rise buildings.

First impressions of the new film were relaxed in the extreme. As director (he was also scriptwriter and star), Zohar was not given to Hollywood-style temper tantrums, hysterics and emotional outbursts. He was one of the crew, and the atmosphere was very much that of a team effort.

It came as no great surprise, therefore, to learn that one of the most unusual features of the film's production is that it was a cooperative venture, in the sense that none of the participants received a fee. Each one agreed to put in his share of work "on spec," in exchange for a proportionate share of whatever profits the film nets.

This is the first time that such a system has been used in Israel, and it is a fair guess that few other directors are sufficiently popular or professionally respected to win such confidence from their co-workers. Says Gila Almagor:

"When Uri and cameraman David Gurfinkel meet, something is bound to happen, and something that I am more than happy to participate in. The most important thing when you take on a film role is wanting to work with the director — and there are very few of whom I can say that. The fact that we all worked on a collective basis gave us a special motive for wanting the film to succeed."

Producer Itzhak Kol, of Herzliya Studios, sees the cooperative element from a more commercial angle.

"I believe that *The Lifeguard* may prove to be a lifesaver for the Israeli film industry. We always face a problem with Israeli films, because we want to keep to a decent level and at the same time have sufficient box-office appeal to sell a minimum of 500,000 seats in order to reach break-even point."

"The collective profit system we are operating on this film could be the answer: it means we only had to make an initial cash investment of 11.5m. Instead of raising between 12.5m. or even 15m. It may be that Uri Zohar is one of the few directors who could succeed in enlisting reputable actors on a co-op basis. But if the experiment works, we may well make other films, employing other directors, in the same way."

Itzhak Kol will have to wait until *The Lifeguard* is released at Suenot to find out whether the method does work.

URI'S THREE children in the film happen to be his own children in real life.

"They just happen to be the cheapest children available...and more important, they are definitely not professional child actors, God forbid."

Throw-away lines like that, or "The best thing about the film was being in bathing trunks all day and pretending to work at the same time," are typical Zohar-style sabra humour. But just as he claims, very sincerely, that he is not prepared to sacrifice true-life situations for the sake of slapstick, you also get the feeling that, joking apart, Zohar's approach to film-making and directing has integrity, the best tribute to which is "The Lifeguard Cooperative, Ltd." □

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE SEVEN



# VERSATILITY PLUS

Israeli supremacy in the air has not come easily. Post Military Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN visits a Phantom squadron and meets the people — from pilots to ground crews — whose expertise and dedication help to keep our skies clear of enemy planes.



IT TAKES less than three minutes for a modern jet fighter to reach Jerusalem from a military airfield in Jordan. The flying time from a base in Egypt to the Tel Aviv region, or from Syria to the Haifa region, is about double that.

The damage a single enemy plane can cause on a bombing run is tremendous. If the plane happens to be on an intelligence-gathering mission, the potential damage is also great.

There is no doubt that the greatest threat Israel currently faces comes from the skies. Much has been said about the dangers of artillery and, more recently, ground-to-ground missiles. Missiles and cannon make for good point-getters in terms of debate, where ranges can be marked graphically on maps, with varying shades of red to denote what type of shell gets where. But if a single enemy bomber breaks through our air defences, the damage can be incalculable.

For instance, the Phantom, which is used by the Israeli Air Force, carries 10 times more explosives on a bombing run than the much feared, but little understood, Scud missile. The Phantom also delivers that load 10 times as accurately. The vast range of aircraft in service with the Arab confrontation states carry almost as much and almost as efficiently.

For these reasons, Israel has always paid the greatest attention to the development of an air force that is able not only to carry out the country's strategy wherever in the Arab world it is needed, but also to defend its skies from any potential threat, and its population centres from the awesome destruction a squadron of enemy fighters could inflict.

"BELIEVE ME," said S., the commander of one of Israel's most prestigious squadrons, and a veteran pilot who has flown numerous combat missions, "the reason they have not succeeded is not because they have not wanted to. We have not let them."

Right, but not quite. There have been several occasions when enemy aircraft have made successful sorties over Israel territory, but somehow they never managed to do much harm.

On the first day of the Yom Kippur war, an Egyptian Tupolev fired a Calt air-to-ground missile at Tel Aviv; who knows what the toll would have been had the missile not been destroyed in flight by a deft Mirage pilot. Or what would have been the consequences of a string of Syrian flights over Haifa between 1967 and 1973 had the Syrian pilots not restricted themselves to breaking the sound barrier over the city and smashing windows.

But the role of the combined Arab air forces, even when some of their sophisticated aircraft were flown by Soviet pilots, has been limited to such an extent that it has become a cliché to say that Israel enjoys impunity in the skies. And when they sit at their planning boards, Arab strategists know better than to count on their air arm for any real contribution in the event of another war.

ISRAELI SUPREMACY has not come easily. There has been a price, both monetarily and in terms of human resources. The Israeli Air Force today is a synthesis of many things — good planning, combat experience translated into excellent training programmes and efficient use of ground crews and intelligence. Just as important as all this, said

S., is bravery, coupled with determination.

"In our business," he added, "you are often placed in impossible situations where several alternatives present themselves. Some of them are easier than others. We have been trained to choose the correct one, even if it is not the easiest."

"We are trained to attack a wide range of targets. We have to



be able to enter into aerial combat far from home base, often with not enough ammunition, and often with not enough fuel. We have to be able to look after ourselves in a hostile environment, and in situations where the enemy often has physical advantages and the benefits of being nearer to home.

"To be able to gain the upper hand in these situations needs

training. But it also demands courage, and that is not obtainable from the curriculum at flying school."

IT TAKES MORE than training and courage to be a pilot in a fighter and interceptor squadron; and pilots are only one part of an effective and efficient squadron. Good and accurate intelligence before take-off is essential. And the planes must be in tip-top condition, serviced by a team of dedicated and highly-trained specialists who constitute the backbone of the air force.

S. would not be much use up there had his men not been instilled with a deep sense of mutual loyalty and inter-dependency, which allows the pilot to make courageous decisions and which runs all the way from the pilots to the meteorologists and mechanics and ground crews who arm the aircraft before take-off. For each pilot, there are dozens of men and women on the ground who ensure the success of a mission.

THE LEGENDARY Phantom — over 5,000 of which have been manufactured by McDonnell-Douglas in the U.S. — is usually perceived as an attack aircraft whose primary function is to fly artillery.

But a "poor country" like Israel, S. explained, has to make maximum use of its aircraft. His Phantom squadron, for instance, which was charged with a ground attack role, has also dropped 86 enemy aircraft in seven years — 25 of them in the Yom Kippur war, and almost all of them while on attack missions.

"The Israeli Air Force," S. said, "does not have enough money to specialise in the same way that either the Europeans or the

Americans can. We have to be versatile. We have only a few planes and a few pilots, and thus we have to make the most of both machines and men."

"We have to be several times as efficient as the average American pilot," he added. "Each one of us has to be an interceptor pilot, a ground support pilot, a deep bombing pilot and able to fly at night. The Americans have one man and an especially designated machine for each of those purposes. So we have to train that bit harder in order to achieve the level that will allow us to maintain our security requirements."

Then, as if the picture were not involved enough, S. complicated it further:

"We also have to fight an enemy several times as numerous as ourselves. And this means again that we have to be much more efficient, both in the air and on the ground, in terms of turn-around time for planes returning from missions, and so on. We have to train hard."

And train they did as I watched S.'s day stretch from eight hours to 12 hours to 18 hours. He claimed that the day wasn't an unusual one, and that in fact his job is never-ending. He has to worry about the thousands of details that crop up all the time: the personal problems of the hundreds of men under his command; the standard of training; maintaining a high state of alert in case a training situation suddenly becomes a crisis one; and the mechanical perfection of the complicated aircraft attached to the squadron.

Being a squadron commander clearly requires a rare blend of psychologist and mechanic; an individualist who is capable of making split-second decisions and can be a team man and a leader.

THE DAILY pre-flight briefing session was conducted by one of the squadron's veteran navigators. Senior members of the squadron apparently take turns at preparing manoeuvres and being commander.

The exercise was simple: to fly to a certain point over northern Sinai in pairs, and to enter into a series of interceptions, with each of the aircraft alternating the role of the hunter with that of the hunted. The exercise was to be repeated with several variations, using diverse methods and relying on different systems and techniques, before the men returned to base.

A young navigator rattled off the expected weather conditions, and other facts and figures. I looked around at the men who make up the legend of the Israeli Air Force, and was amazed at how ordinary they seemed to be.

Most of them were very young and had never experienced war. But they were a new breed, the bearers of the proud tradition that one has come to associate with the Israeli Air Force.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the IAF is that reserve officers continue to fly, often under younger men.

One such reserve officer, a navigator, told me that he loves his flight time and does not feel at all awkward about being commanded by men who were completing primary school when he was graduating from flying school.

"There is nothing like experience," he said. "And even though I have experience in terms of years and combat situations, these youngsters have hours of experience gained through training

and almost daily flying."

S. pointed with pride to a dining hall built by the pilots themselves and decorated by their wives. He took me through a garden being tended by an officer in flight overalls.

"This is our garden," he said. "Planted and cared for by the pilots of the squadron. We have no janitors here, and nobody picks up our mess. You can tell your readers that the image of pilots luxuriating in lounges donated by well-meaning organizations is not entirely accurate."

There is a lounge, with easy chairs, a television set, games and an adequate library; but the place seemed hardly used. The men prefer the more Spartan dining hall they built themselves, where there was a refrigerator that had to be kicked to be opened. The lounge, I was told, is used mainly when there is a state of emergency and the pilots have to be with their units for protracted periods of time until the alert is lowered or dropped.

The men — including several senior maintenance officers — live at the base with their families. Most of the pilots I spoke to said they preferred it that way.

The Air Force has obviously done a lot to make the families comfortable; and from the outside, life at the air base appears similar to that on a kibbutz. The houses have well-tended gardens, and there is a pool and sports facilities. But there are also thousands of young, unmarried soldiers around, and they tend to complicate the idyllic atmosphere one encounters on the surface.

The men, I learned, spend very little time at home, and often eat all their meals with their com-

rades and not their families.

"It may be difficult to be a pilot," said one of them, "but it's harder to be a pilot's wife."

THE PROBLEM of long hard hours does not apply only to the pilots. Longer and harder hours are worked by the ground crews who ensure that the multi-million-dollar machines perform at the extraordinarily high level the Israeli Air Force has set for itself.

Many of the veterans among them have been with the Air Force for over a decade. They are a world unto themselves, with a character of their own and a tradition of their own. They perform an essential task, and they know it.

"When a pilot comes back from a mission and tells you that the systems you attached all functioned perfectly and scored direct hits, that is all the praise I need," said an armaments officer.

He pointed out, correctly, that a man with his expertise is in great demand on the "outside" — in private industry, where conditions would be better.

"But here you have the challenge," he said, "and this is where I will stay."

In the Air Force, men like him are trained to perform "miracles" with the aircraft, from making basic design changes to complete overhauls. I visited one of the overhaul centres and was amazed by the cleanliness and good order there.

A young mechanic was repairing an electronic unit. Next to him, a thick book was open at the page giving a step-by-step description of what had to be done: Open nut "A" counter-clockwise for seven turns, and release spring "B".... Alongside each item was the

signature of the mechanic doing the work, and the signature of a master mechanic who checked that the work had indeed been done properly. A third signature — that of the officer in charge of the area where the repairs were being carried out — still had to be affixed to the bottom of each page, ensuring that all stages of the job had been carried out to perfection.

"There is no room for error. We are speaking about very expensive machines and the lives of men. We cannot afford to take chances," said the mechanic.

IT WAS TOWARDS evening when S. and the pilots of the squadron took off on the manoeuvre, leaving the ground crews to prepare for their return.

I asked the men on the ground whether they felt cut off from some of the glory. The answers were philosophical: Each does what he is best at. We realize our own importance. There can only be so many pilots. And so on.

Still, one sensed a residue of resentment. The ground crews want greater recognition from the pilots, and S. tries hard to give them just that.

On his return from training missions, S. often analyses the results with the ground crews, bringing along aerial photographs of hits and targets. He has instructed his pilots to spend more time chatting with mechanics and engineers.

The navigators have a different problem. They are regarded as pilots and treated as air crew by outsiders and by the men on the ground. But in the squadron itself their status is less clear. Most of them are excellent youngsters. They are basically responsible for navigation and

weapons systems, but are in fact not another pair of eyes for the pilot, making sure that he is not being attacked from behind while performing an interception or on a bombing run.

"As long as modern aircraft do not have an electronic backward-looking capability — and none have — navigators are important in fighter aircraft," said the man who had briefed the squadron prior to take-off. He felt that the F-15, of which the Israeli Air Force recently purchased 25, should carry a navigator. The F-15 can fly with a crew of two without any basic design change being carried out, he said.

SOME OF THE pilots I spoke to agreed that the navigator is important and often essential. However, he is not a pilot and they do not all treat him as such.

"Look at the 'kill board' — a huge board which listed the names of the crews that had scored each of the squadron's 36 kills — said one young pilot. "You will see that each 'kill' mentions both the pilot and the navigator, and gives equal credit to both. But," he added, "both of us know that this is not necessarily the case. The real credit belongs to the pilot."

There are those who would agree with him, but many would not. "When he is a bit more mature," said an older pilot, "he will realize that a 'kill' belongs neither to the pilot alone, nor to the navigator. But to the many hundreds of people whose expertise and dedication go into each flight, and whose efforts, in the ultimate analysis, ensure that Israel's skies remain clear of any threat from the enemy." □

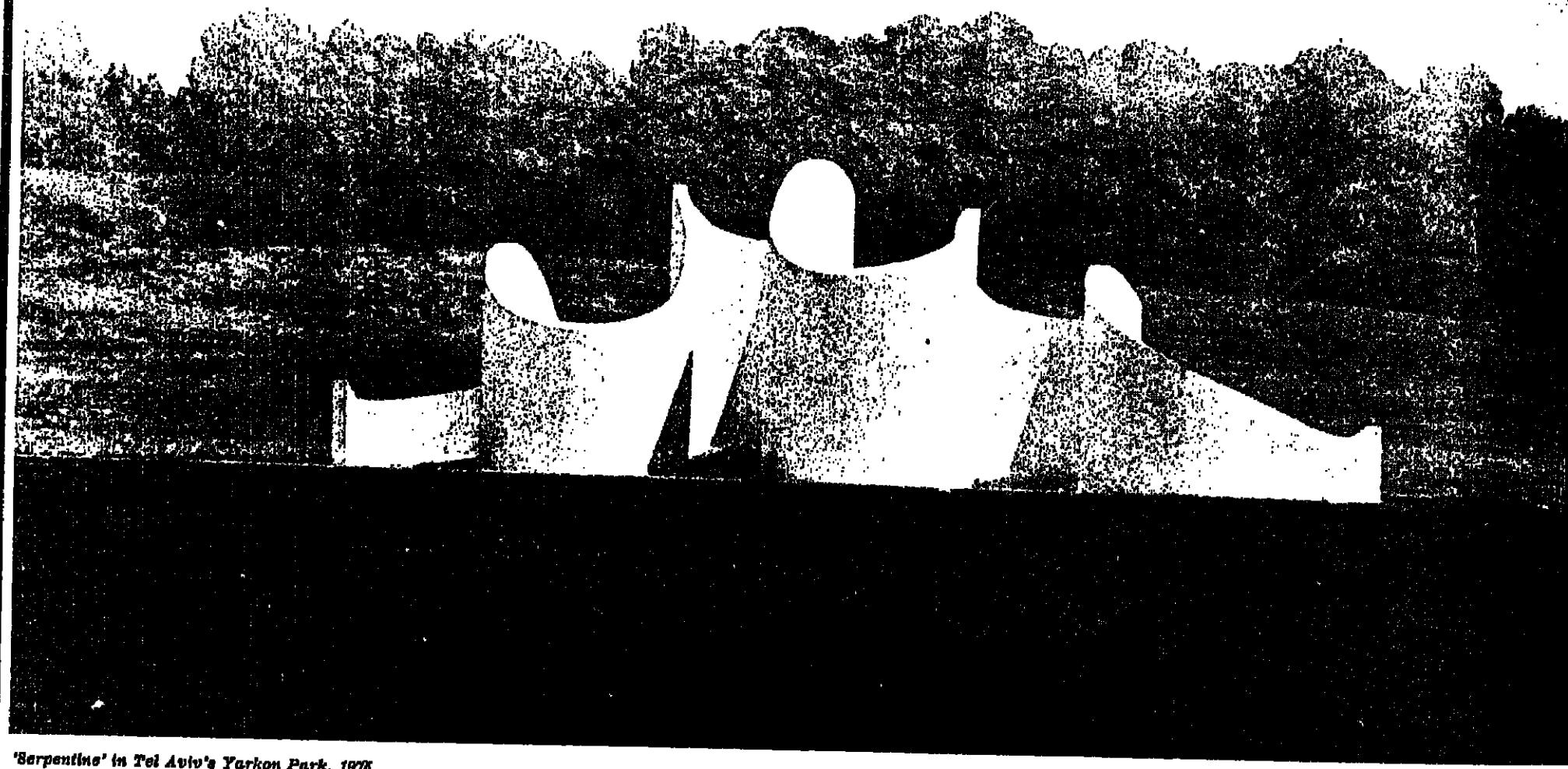
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Mike Goldberg







'Serpentine' in Tel Aviv's Yarkon Park, 1975.

# DANZIGER'S SECRET PLACES

Professor YITZHAK DANZIGER, who was killed in a car accident just one month ago, was little known to the Israeli public at large, but he was probably one of the most influential artists who ever worked in this country, writes Post Art Editor MEIR RONNEN.

DANZIGER personified the term "artist" in its widest possible sense: he was a sculptor, a draughtsman, a landscape gardener, an ecologist, a teacher. Above all, he was a thinker. He had an extraordinary sense of context, of the inter-relationships between man, things and nature, and of the relationship of particular men to a particular place. He was a nationalist who looked for Jewish roots in the sand and stone of Palestine; a Palestinian who passionately believed in the rights of every type of Palestinian to living in his roots here.

Danziger was born in Berlin in 1916 but grew up in this country. After graduating from the Bezalel he obtained a diploma at the Slade School of London University, also taking a course in landscape design. He began teaching at the Haifa Technion's Faculty of Architecture in 1955 and was made a professor in 1958. His students were constantly fired by his ideas. They would sit with him on a hillside and afterwards say that it would never look the same to them again.

Danziger began his career as a sculptor. Each of his pieces contained a new idea, a new approach. His "Nimrod," which shocked the establishment of 1958, was made of the red sandstone of Petra and showed a faun-faced hunter that was part hawk. The

choice of material was critical: "Perhaps, like the Nabataeans, I was cutting myself into the environment," he said. During the same period, Danziger was making drawings and sculptures of sheep drawings and sculptures of sheep tents woven from their wool; or like altars on which they were to be offered up.

Sheep were almost an obsession. They were turned into Maypole staffs or a burial tower based on an ancient barrow mound. Danziger was also obsessed with ritual and "magic places," the old oak forests and the *banot*, the "high places." He made a ritual sculpture of an altar and anchored it in a kibbutz vineyard.

EARLY IN the 1960s, Danziger tried to fuse legend and nature with a grandiose environment and sculpture for the Mt. Herzl competition. But the design for Herzl's grave had been decided upon in advance: Danziger received second prize.

It then dawned on Danziger that he should begin using nature to express nature. He sought out the sites of the ancient Hebrew *mekomot* (sacred places) as well as Canaanite and Moslem sites. He began to develop the understanding that planning a landscape could give it a special significance. He had stumbled on the local connections of what the

Shinto faith describes as the "kama" of a certain revered rock or tree. The Turkish *bustan* was for him the local version of Kyoto's Katsura gardens, where nature was given the subtle order of the artist-ecologist-sculptor of 600 years ago.

A turning point for Danziger came with his realization, when acting as a judge of a competition for a monument to the fallen of the Six Day War on the Golan, that the site did not need a monument. With a sacred grove to the east and Calah-Nimrud and the Hermon on the other side, he saw the necessity to create there not a monument, but a place where the heirs of the fallen could stay, drink, find peace. He did not want to exploit nature, but to install in man a natural reverence for it.

Danziger next saved Horshat Arbel (the grove of the 49 ancient oaks on Mt. Carmel) from erosion caused by a new road, and led the rainwater into a nearby ancient cistern system that he rehabilitated. He then began designing water-collectors and got his students to plan unobtrusive dams that would nurture new oak forests.

IN 1970, Danziger's botanical activities led him to make an unusual contribution to Yona Fischer's "Concept & Information" exhibition at the Israel Museum: 60 sq.m. of chicken wire

covered with layers of jute, newspaper and plastic containing perforated pipes. On this miniature indoor eco-system, Danziger created a living painting of green sprouts that flourished as the show progressed.

The following year he began his major work, the rehabilitation of the ravaged slopes of the Nesher Quarry on Mt. Carmel, abandoned in 1949. Assisted by ecologist Ze'ev Naveh, soil scientist Joseph Morin, a team of road and building planners and an expert in geodetic measurement, Danziger used the Israel Museum precedent to experiment with hydroseeding in soil contained in niches and wire "baskets" on the rock face of the quarry. A topographical model of the entire area envisaged a school, housing, playgrounds and a serpentine tunnel to connect the upper and lower parts of the quarry.

Danziger, however, never ceased making sculptures and over the years he executed numerous commissions. Honours came early. He won the Dizengoff Prize back in 1945, the Milo Prize in 1958, and the Israel Prize in 1968. In 1970 he was awarded Israel's top art award, the Sandberg Prize. Just before his death he was awarded a tender to lay out Kikyat Ben-Gurion, situated between the government buildings in Jerusalem's Hakiya.

He recently participated in planning a garden for the

Jerusalem Foundation and also completed projects abroad — a garden for the Toheran Hilton and a "peace arch" for the Mexico City Olympics.

DANZIGER was a tireless community man, and served as numerous public bodies. He gave much time to his old *alma mater*, the Bezalel Academy. Artist Reuven Berman recalls that Danziger's experience on committees led him to believe that the artist is the only person in society who is altruistically interested in perfection, in the overall quality of a project.

Danziger was dismayed that government and city officials were always ready to take the easy way out, or to foster vested interests. They were also the first to adjourn for lunch or whatever. Danziger began to see the responsible artist as society's disinterested watchdog.

Danziger was a "quiet man" who never sought personal publicity; yet his position as an authentic leader was never in doubt. He has been lost to Israeli society at the height of his powers.

A book on his work, the source of his inspiration, and his researches into "sacred places" in our landscape is soon to be published. Edited by Rina Valero, it contains a foreword written by Danziger together with Prof. Ben-Ami Scharfstein. □

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## POST PULLOUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### ISRAEL FESTIVAL

**UNION QUARTET OF WEST GERMANY** — Wilhelm Melcher, first violin, Gerhard Wes, second violin, Herman Voss, viola, Peter Buck, violoncello.

Beethoven String Quartets (Tel Aviv Museum, today at 8; Haifa Auditorium, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

**Mozart, Janacek, Schubert** — (Jerusalem Theatre, Saturday at 9 p.m.; Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 8 p.m.)

**MIRU KATZ** — Performs piano sonatas by Beethoven. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

**THE ISRAELI BALLET** — With guest dancer Per Arrie Segstrom, premier dancer of the Swedish Royal Ballet. Choreography: Spoerli, Hill Sagan, Lazzini, Balanohne, Petita. Music: Shostakovich, Mahler, Stravinsky, Herold, Glasounov. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

#### ENTERTAINMENT

**JERUSALEM**  
**BREATH OF JAZZ** — With well known Israeli musicians. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 44 Bezalet, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**EVENING OF NOSTALGIC SONGS** — Songs of Mordchai Zeira and others. (Tzavta, 3 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**FATHFUL CITY** — Multi-media entertainment on the theme of "Jerusalem." (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 44 Bezalet, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**CLASSIC POP** — With the Diaspora Yehiva Band. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Friday at 9 p.m.)

**ISRAEL FOLKLORE** — With the Inbal dancers. (Khan, opposite railway station, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**JONATHAN LIGHT** — American playwright sings his own compositions and reads excerpts from his plays. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**PLAYREADING** — Actor Nissim Zohar reads excerpts of plays by Poe, Chekhov and others. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

**ISRAELI YORAM** — Israeli folk singers. (King David, terrace, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

**YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE** — Pop musical based on the Book of Ruth. In English. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**TEL AVIV**  
**CHOCOLATE, MENTHA, MASTIK** — Programme of their hits and other songs. (Khan, 30 Ibn Gviri, Saturday at 7.30 and 9.45 p.m.)

**EVENING WITH ARIK LAVIE** — Songs and entertainment. (Beit Lamin, 34 Weizmann, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

**GETS/PIANETA** — Jazz musician Stan Gita and his quartet perform with the Pianeta group. (Mann Auditorium, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**HAQASHAH HAHIVER** — (Haifa Auditorium, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

#### THEATRE

**MARATHON** — A *four de force* of a play by French playwright Claude Coforties, about three men running a marathon race; under the brilliant direction of Belgian Jonathan Meyer, with the Khan's cast of three actual runners for about two hours. (Jerusalem, Khan opp. Railway Station, Thur. 9 p.m.)

**THE EMIGRANTS** — A bitter searing story of two emigrants from a communist country, a peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. Jerusalem, Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

#### CHILDREN

**ENTERTAINMENT SHOW** — With TV star Ezer Dagan. Music, magic, mime. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE REVOLVING AND THE STORY OF COLOURS** — Multi-media plays by the Kav players. (Tel Aviv, Beit Lamin, 34 Weizmann, Wednesday at 8 p.m. and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE** — Walt Disney film. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Monday at 11 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.)

**THE WILD BOY** — Danish film with English subtitles. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Thursday at 11 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.)

**THUMBOLINA** — Tippi Shavit sings the songs of Danny Kaye. (Haifa, Shavit, 2 Hassport, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.; Tel Aviv, Chel, Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Bellinson, Wednesday at 4 p.m.; Kfar Sava, Amal, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE** — Walt Disney film. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Monday at 11 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.)

**NATAL THEATRE COMPANY** of South Africa — Umabatha, Zulu musical based on Macbeth adapted to customs and music of Zululand. Directed by Peter Scholtz. (Tel Aviv, Mann Auditorium, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.; Caesarea, Amphitheatre, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE ISRAELI BALLET** — With guest dancer Per Arrie Segstrom, premier dancer of the Swedish Royal Ballet. Choreography: Spoerli, Hill Sagan, Lazzini, Balanohne, Petita. Music: Shostakovich, Mahler, Stravinsky, Herold, Glasounov. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

**HAQASHAH HAHIVER** — In a new programme of political satire. (Chel, Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Bellinson, Saturday at 7.30 and 9.45 p.m.; Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Monday at 8 p.m.)

**HAVA ALBERSTEIN** — Sings songs and plays her guitar. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

**A MAN WITHIN HIMSELF** — Songs by the folk and rock composer/singer, Shalom Hanech and his group. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, Monday and Thursday at 8 p.m.)

**MATTI CASPI** — Singer/composer sings his songs. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, tonight at midnight and Sunday at 8 p.m.)

**ADAM AND HAVAI** — Musical comedy by Jonathan Gefen. (Shavit, 3 Hassport, tonight at 9.30)

**DANI LITANI** — Performs with his group and Tikli Dayan. (Gan Haem, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

**HAQASHAH HAHIVER** — (Haifa Auditorium, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**Other Towns**  
**CAPITAL LETTERS** — Programme of dance by Rina Shoham and poetry read by Pinhas Koren, poems by Lea Goldberg, Nathan Alchanan, Yehuda Amichai and others. (Givat Chen, tonight)

**CHOCOLATE, MENTHA, MASTIK** — (Kiryat Bialik, Sayvon, tonight at 9.30; Ashdod, Ashdod Hall, Monday at 9.15 p.m.)

**EVENING WITH ARIK LAVIE** — (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 9.30)

**GETS/PIANETA** — (Ayotet Haahshar, Wednesday at 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.; Caesarea, Amphitheatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**HAQASHAH HAHIVER** — (Hershtal, David, tonight at 9.30)

**BLUFF** — A frolicsome tale of two Italian confidence tricksters set in the 1920s. Adriano Celentano ("Tuppi du") gyrates his way through some ingenious trickery and Anthony Quinn looks out of place in this lightweight, nonsensical comedy. Capucine is the owner of a gambling den. Well dubbed in English.

**BOUND FOR GLORY** — David Carradine plays Woody Guthrie, the legendary folk singer-composer of Depression-era America, as a poignant idealist in a world of cheap commercialism. Haskell Wexler, photographer, and Hall Ashby, director, have made a rich, humane film with love and care.

**GARRE** — About a young mouse-like girl who discovers she has psychic powers. Film builds up to devastating climax as Garre, tormented by her mother and classmates, takes her revenge.

**C.A.S.E.** — (Chemical Air-Spray Holdup). Original title "WHIFFS." Elliot Gould being chased back from M.A.S.H. by the police as ex-U.S. Army human guinea pig ex-derog to mastermind of gas attack on city to stage bank hold. Directed by Ted Post.

**THE CASSANDRA CROSSING** — A train carrying Sophie Loren, Richard Harris, Ava Gardner, Lee Strasberg, Martin Sheen and a contagious disease is diverted to a rocky bridge in Poland by Burt Lancaster and Dr. Inggrid Thulin. Director George Pan Argyris takes us for a tension-filled multi-million-dollar ride.

**COUSIN, COUSIN** — Light, whimsical domestic comedy, or where times are not agreeable with some well observed detail.

**THE LOST HONOUR OF KATHARINA** — For last-minute changes in times of performance, or where times are not available please contact Box Office.

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Hava Alberstein sings and plays her guitar at Tel Aviv's Tzavta club on Saturday night.

#### MUSIC

**Jerusalem**  
**MUSIC FOR 2, 3 and 4 FLUTES** — Works by Telemann, Haydn, and others. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

**WISGAL AND SCHEINWALD** — Duo Ra'anan Eylon, Gershon Stern. (Beit Hachalutz, 14 Ibn Gviri, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

**TEL AVIV**  
**11.11 SERIES** — Chamber music, conducted by Rami Shilov. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, Saturday at 11.11 a.m.)

**BAROQUE AND CONTEMPORARY MUSIC** — With Ra'anan Eylon, flute, Zohar Ne'eman, piano, Laurie Baker, flute. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

#### FILMS IN BRIEF

**ANNIE HALL** — Woody Allen's latest and most personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gag. Stars Woody Allen as comedian Alvy Singer and Diane Keaton as Annie Hall.

**500 THOUSAND IN BLACK MONEY** — Israeli film directed by and starring Shalom Ophir. Silly comedy about two drifters who turn to gambling and subsequently get entangled with the Mafia.

**FUNNY PEOPLE** — South African filmmaker Jamie Uys traps people in practical joke situations, with hidden camera technique. Hilariously ridiculous reactions of passers-by turn to uneasy laughter when the gullibility of under-educated blacks is exploited.

**GIANT** — A ranch hand (James Dean) strikes oil, and with it instant wealth. Rock Hudson plays the ranch-owner and Elizabeth Taylor his wife. Directed by George Stevens.

**GONE WITH THE WIND** — Re-issue of that all time box-office-best-seller about the American civil war.

**HERSEHLE** — New Israeli musical comedy with Mike Buratyn in the title role. Co-stars Arge Elin and Mandy Rice Davis.

**KING-KONG** — Italian producer Dino De Laurentiis' \$25 million "new improved" American remake of 1933 King Kong conquerer. Artificial plot twists Gould's underdog to mastermind of gas attack on city to stage bank hold. Directed by Ted Post.

**LIFETICK** — About a photographic model raped by her sister's (sister Marie!) music teacher, the subsequent trial where the centre of France which takes one into the turny and sad and sometimes disconcerting secret world of childhood. Director Francois Truffaut gets astonishingly natural perfor-

**POCKET MONEY** — A series of sketches about children at a school in a small town in the centre of France which takes one into the turny and sad and sometimes disconcerting secret world of childhood. Director Francois Truffaut gets astonishingly natural perfor-

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הגדל מן האשל



## Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, August 13, 1977

ALLENBY Tel. 57839  
5th week  
Sat. at 8.00  
Weekdays at 4.00-8.00

### GONE WITH THE WIND



CLARE GABLE  
VIVIAN LEECH  
LESLIE HOWARD  
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND  
MGM Pictures

HEN YEHUDA Tel. 232769

LOUIS DE FINES  
LES GRANDES  
VACANCES  
4.30-7.30-9.30

CHEN Tel. 282288  
8th week



Wall Disney's  
Greatest Film  
Awarded 5 Oscars  
**MARY POPPINS**  
with Best Actress  
JULIE ANDREWS  
also starring:  
DICK VAN DYKE  
DAVID TOMLINSON  
GLYNIS JOHNS  
Sat. 7-9.30  
Weekdays 4.15-6.45-9.30

### CINEMA ONE

2nd week  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
Israel Premiere  
Amazing  
Dobermans  
FRED ASTAIRE

### CINEMA TWO

3rd week  
Tonight at 10 & 12  
Weekdays at 10, 12, 2, 4.30  
7.30, 9.30  
**MOBY DICK**  
GREGORY PECK  
RICHARD BASSHART  
LEO GERN

### DEKEL Tel. 454114/5

3rd week  
A film by PIETRO JERMI:  
**AMICI MIEI**  
(MY FRIENDS)  
7.15, 9.30

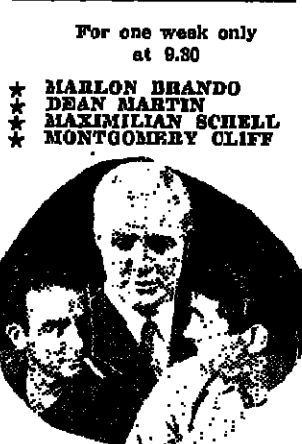
GORDON Tel. 244373

16th week  
SOPHIA LOREN  
RICHARD HARRIS  
AVA GARDNER  
**The Cassandra Crossing**  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
(except on Fridays 7.30-9.30)

**DRIVE-IN**  
CINEMA PRESENTS  
Starting Sat. 22.8  
at 7.30 for all the family



**TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE**  
WITH Johnny  
**WEISSMULLER**  
(THE ORIGINAL TARZAN)  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
For one week only  
at 9.30  
★ MARLON BRANDO  
★ DEAN MARTIN  
★ MAXIMILIAN SCHILL  
★ MONTGOMERY CLIFF



**THE YOUNG LIONS**  
Based on the best seller by  
IRVIN SHAW

ESTHER Tel. 226616

2nd week  
**HARRY AND WALTER GO TO NEW YORK**  
MICHAEL CAINE  
JAMES CAAN  
ELLIOTT GOULD  
DIANE KEATON  
4.30-7.15-9.30

TEL AVIV Tel. 281181

6th week  
GENE WILDER  
JILL CLAYBURGH  
RICHARD PRYOR  
**SILVER STREAK**  
Directed by Arthur Hiller

OAT Tel. 267888  
9th week



**FANTASIA**  
THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE  
FOR EVERYONE!  
"Disney's Great Pioneering Venture in  
the Season's 1st Musical"  
"An Unusually Revolutionary Film...  
The Sound and the Fury"  
"Gone with the Wind...  
The Sound and the Fury"  
"The Sound and the Fury"  
"The Sound and the Fury"  
Stereophonic Sound  
Sat. 7, 9.30  
Weekdays  
4.30, 7, 9.30 p.m.

HOD Tel. 226226

3rd week  
Tonight at 10.00  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekly 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
★ GENE HACKMAN  
★ CANDICE BERGEN  
in Stanley Kramer's



**"The Domino Principle"**  
A true story of an assassina-  
tion that hasn't happened...  
yet.  
co starring  
★ RICHARD WIDMARK  
★ MICKEY ROONEY  
★ EDDIE ALBERT  
★ ELI WALLACH  
I.T.C. "Seven Stars" release

LIMOR Tel. 280773

8th week  
LANA TURNER  
DIANE VARNI  
**PEYTON PLACE**  
4.30, 7, 9.30

MAXIM Tel. 287457

3rd week  
Mike Elizy's Colourful  
musical comedy  
**HERSHELE**  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI Tel. 288831

3rd week  
STREISAND  
KRISTOFFERSON  
**A STAR IS BORN**  
6.45, 9.30

ONLY Tel. 281025  
6th week

**FUNNY PEOPLE**  
The comedy of comedies  
4.30-7.30-9.30

OPHIR Tel. 613321

ROGER MOORE  
BARBARA BACH  
**THE SPY WHO LOVED ME**  
4.30-7-9.30

PEER Tel. 448795

5th week  
4.30-7.30-9.30  
**GRETA GARBO**  
MELVYN DOUGLAS



in  
ERNEST LUBITCH'S  
("To Be or Not to Be")  
**NINOTCHKA**  
Screenplay  
BILLY WILDER

PARIS Tel. 236606

6th week  
DAVID CARRADINE in  
**"BOUND FOR GLORY"**  
The story of Woody Guthrie  
and his music

RAMAT AVIV

2nd week  
**GIANT**  
JAMES DEAN  
ELIZABETH TAYLOR  
ROCK HUDSON  
Friday 10 p.m.  
Sat. 8.30, weekdays 5, 9.30

ROYAL Tel. 55851

2nd week  
**FRENCH LOVE**  
in colour - adults only  
Fri. 10-12-2  
Daily 10-12-2-4-7.30-9.30

ZAFON Tel. 445035

2nd week  
JEAN BOCHART  
OLAUDE BRASSEUR  
**Un Elephant Ca Trompe**  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF Kikar Atarim  
3rd week

**ANNIE HALL**  
WOODY ALLEN  
DIANE KEATON  
TONY ROBERTS  
CORAL KANE  
Fri. 10, 12 midnight  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4.30  
7.15, 9.30

TOHELET Tel. 443950

2nd week  
MELINA DRAVITON  
**A MAN IS NOT A BIRD**  
Directed by: Dujan Makevive  
(WR: Mystery Of The  
Organism and Sweet Movie)

## Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, August 13, 1977

**AMPHITHEATRE**  
2nd week  
Hall cooled and  
ventilated  
JOHN TROUSTON  
HENRY FONDA  
SHELLEY WINTERS  
in a film full of adventures  
**TENTACLES**  
Perfs. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

ARMON Tel. 664848

Hall ventilated  
Israel Premiere  
ROGER MOORE  
as James Bond 007  
in Ian Fleming's  
**THE SPY WHO LOVED ME**  
No compl. tickets  
Perfs. owing to length  
4.00-6.30-9.00

ATZMON

2nd week  
ANTHONY QUINN  
ADRIANO PANFILI  
in a most funny comedy  
**BLUFF**  
Perfs. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

CHEN Tel. 666272

5th week  
Wall Disney's  
Greatest Production  
Five Academy Awards  
**MARY POPPINS**  
JULIE ANDREWS and  
DICK VAN DYKE  
Owing to length perfs.  
Saturday one perf.: 7.00  
Weekdays: 4.00-7.00

MIRON Tel. 668003

From Friday  
six non-stop perfs.  
A film of passion and sex  
**Beautiful by Day - A Whore by Night**  
For adults only

MORIAH Tel. 242477

MARGAUX HEMINGWAY  
and ANN BANCROFT  
in a most interesting drama  
**LIPSTICK**  
For adults only  
Two perfs. 6.45-9.00

ORAH Tel. 664017

Hall Airconditioned  
CANDICE BERGEN  
GENE HACKMAN  
RICHARD WIDMARK  
ELI WALLACH  
in an unforgettable thriller  
**THE DOMINO PRINCIPLE**  
For adults only.  
No complimentary tickets  
Perfs. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

STUDIO Tel. 295817  
6th week  
7, 9.30



starring  
**FAYE DUNAWAY**  
**WILLIAM HOLDEN**  
**PETER FINCH**  
**ROBERT DUVAL**  
Directed by SIDNEY LUMET

ORION Tel. 523989

From Friday  
six non-stop perfs.  
A new sex film for all to see  
**CARNALITA**  
In colour for adults only  
Hall Airconditioned

ONLY Tel. 81868

Fully airconditioned  
Nightly perfs. 6.45, 9.00  
8th week  
After unprecedented success  
in Tel Aviv  
Ernest Lubitch's outstanding  
suspense comedy

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

with CAROL LOMBARD  
JACK BENNY  
Matrs. at 4 p.m.  
ALAIN DELON  
in an exciting film  
**ZORRO**

PEER Tel. 662262

8th week  
Nominated for  
2 Academy Awards  
**CARRIE**  
Starring SUSAN SPENCE  
and PIPER LAURIE

RON Tel. 669009

The hit of '77  
**FUNNY PEOPLE**  
In colour  
Perfs. 4.00-6.45-9.00

SHAVIT Tel. 85345

MEL BROOKS'  
sensational production  
**SILENT MOVIE**  
Perfs. all week  
7.00-9.00

## Ramat Gan Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, August 13, 1977

ARMON Tel. 720706

ALAIN DELON  
**ZORRO**  
7.15, 9.30

HADAR Tel. 723822

2nd week  
**A STAR IS BORN**  
BARBRA STREISAND  
4, 7, 9.30

LIL Tel. 721912

3rd week  
7.15, 9.30  
**POCKET MONEY**  
FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT  
Mats. at 4  
**KID STUFF**

ORDEA Tel. 721720

5th week  
The Comedy of Comedies  
**FUNNY PEOPLE**  
4, 7.15, 9.30

RAMA Tel. 721912

From Sunday 7.15-9.30  
**HOT LIPS**  
also Mon. & Wed. at 4.30

RAMAT GAN

the greatest of all  
adventures in this biggest  
adventure of all  
PATRICK WAYNE  
TARYN POWER  
**Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger**  
7.15, 9.30

OASIS

5th week  
**MARY POPPINS**  
Weekdays: 4-6.45-9.30  
Sat.: 7-9.30

## Herzliya

DAVID Tel. 984021

**POCKET MONEY**  
FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT  
4-7-9.15  
(except Thurs. 7-9.15 only)

TIFERET

LANA TURNER  
DIANE VARNI  
**PEYTON PLACE**  
7-9.30

## Petah Tikva

SHALOM

**WALKING TALL**  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 8.30, 7.30, 9.30  
Wed. no matinee.

## Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, August 13, 1977

ARNON Tel. 224829

7th week  
Suspense comedy  
**To be or not to be**  
CAROL LOMBARD  
JACK BENNY  
Saturday: 7-9  
Weekdays: 4-7-9

EDEN Tel. 223829

4-6.45-9.15  
ROGER MOORE  
as James Bond 007  
**THE SPY WHO LOVED ME**

EDISON Tel. 224050

Saturday evening 9 p.m.  
One performance only  
Weekdays: 4-6.45-9.00  
A great dramatic  
Indian picture  
**ULJHAM**  
with SANGH KUMAR  
SOLKASNAH PANDIT  
ASRIK KUMAR  
FAYED ELAL  
in colour

HABIBAH Tel. 232366

4-7-9  
RMAH SIMONE  
**La Professoressa di Scienze Naturali**

JERUSALEM

SHARON OPHIR  
JACK COHEN  
in a brilliant comedy  
for the whole family  
**500 Thousand in Black Money**

MITCHELL

7.30, 9.30  
**NASHVILLE**

ORGIL Tel. 234170

3rd week  
Hilarious comedy  
for the whole family  
WOODY ALLEN  
in  
**ANNIE HALL**

ORNA Tel. 224733

4-6.30-9.00  
JOHN WAYNE  
DEAN MARTIN  
ANGIE DIKENSON  
in thrilling western  
**RIO BRAVO**

ORION Tel. 222914

3rd week  
ELLIOTT GOULD  
JENNIFER O'NEIL  
EDDIE ALBERT  
in the best Comedy  
of the year  
**C\*A\*S\*H**

RON Tel. 234704

8th week  
**FUNNY PEOPLE**  
The comedy of comedies  
4-7-9

SEMADAR

8th week  
Cousin, Cousine  
with  
MARIE CHRISTINE  
BARBAULT  
7.00-9.15



Alvy (Woody Allen), Rob (Tony Roberts) and Annie (Diane Keaton) on a tour of Alvy's past, in "Annie Hall."

## FILMS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 4)  
manages from his young cast and even those who do not usually care for child actors or films about children will find this picture worthwhile. In French.  
**SEVEN BEAUTIES** - Lina Wertmuller has created devastating, deathly funny, haunting Brechtian images of man's will to survive in the face of utter degradation. Giancarlo Giannini, Napoleon's rapist murderer, raped, survives German concentration camp by sexual submission to gargantuan camp commandant Shirley Stoler.  
**SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER** - Lubitch's 1953 black comedy about an acting troupe which gets involved in international affairs in wartime Poland. Starring the magic to free Prince Kasim from a Jack Benny and Carol Lombard. Why wicked spell, magnificent photography of 'ing and still impact making. A re-lease well worth seeing.  
**TO BE OR NOT TO BE** - Re-issue of Ernst Lubitch's 1940 black comedy about an acting troupe which gets involved in international affairs in wartime Poland. Starring the magic to free Prince Kasim from a Jack Benny and Carol Lombard. Why wicked spell, magnificent photography of 'ing and still impact making. A re-lease well worth seeing.  
**SILVER STREAK** - Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, Richard Pryor, Patrick McGoohan and others on a Los Angeles to Chicago train-ride full of entertaining murders, intrigue, thrills, belly-laughs, and \$500,000 worth of train-crash. Directed by Arthur Hiller. U.S.A. 1976  
**TENTACLES** - About a man-eating squid. If Jaws stopped you from paddling, this will stop you from deep sea diving.

**A STAR IS BORN** - Rock version of the first made in 1930 with Douglas Fairbanks. Kris Kristofferson as the superstar.  
**THE SPY WHO LOVED ME** - The latest in Black Fox come to liberate the oppressed. The James Bond series with Roger Moore as Just right for the pre-teenagers.

Richard Kiel, the one with the cobalt-steel teeth, being nasty to Roger Moore, 007, in "The Spy Who Loved Me."



הכזה מן האצל







## WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of IL17.25 per line including VAT, publication daily over a period of a month costs IL200.00 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

### Jerusalem

**Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands** — Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and Thursday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors' Department: Koren Kayemet, Leifanot (Jewish National Fund), in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Koren Kayemet, Tel. 02-352131. In Tel Aviv, 90 Rehov Hayarkon, Opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 03-234149.

### CONDUCTED TOURS

**Hadasah Tours**  
1. Medical Centre at 9.30 a.m. — 11.00 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 3.00 p.m. Last tour on Friday at 12.15 p.m. Kennedy Building. No charge. Buses 18 and 27.  
2. Mt. Scopus Hospital: Tours from 8.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. No charge. Buses 9 and 24 Tel. 481111.  
3. Morning half-day tour of all Hadasah projects, \$4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only: Tel. 416323.  
Hebrew University, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Mount Scopus tours 11.30 a.m. from the Martin Buber Building, Buses 9 and 26, School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 25430.  
American Mizrahi Women's Guest Tours — Jerusalem — Tel. 232708.

### Emunah — World Religious Zionist Women's Organisation, Tourist Centre, 20

Rehov Ben Matmon, Tel. 02-2458 2062, 41554.  
Tours and Visitors come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its beautiful activities and impressive modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6 Mizrahi Moshe, Tel. 321291.  
**MISCELLANEOUS**  
Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneller Wood, Romema Tel. 414822, 7.30 a.m. — 7 p.m.  
Jerusalem Hilton and International. The only Jewellers in Israel with a worldwide guarantee. H. Stern Jewellers, Duty and tax free.

### Tel Aviv

**CONDUCTED TOURS**  
Emunah — World Religious Zionist Women's Organisation, "Kantel," 100 Rehov Ben Matmon, Tel. 40316, 788942.  
World Wise Tourist Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 423939, 9 a.m. — 5 p.m.  
Canadian Hadasah-Wise Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 237060, 8 a.m. — 2 p.m.  
Pioneer Women — Na'amat. Free morning tours, Sunday, Thursday, Thursday, by appointment. Call Tel. 261111, ext. 280, Tel Aviv.

### Magen David Adom in Israel

11 Rehov Yehonatan, Tel. 03-2458 2062, 41554.  
Tel Aviv Visitors — Please call 36222 between 8.00 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. to arrange visits to our Central Blood Bank in Jaffa and for information regarding other Magen David Adom installations.  
ORT Israel: For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 762291-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 33141; ORT Netanya, Tel. 31744.  
American Mizrahi Women's Guest Tours — Tel Aviv — Tel. 23157, 24106.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Tel Aviv Hilton. The only Jewellers in Israel with a worldwide guarantee. H. Stern Jewellers, Duty and tax free.

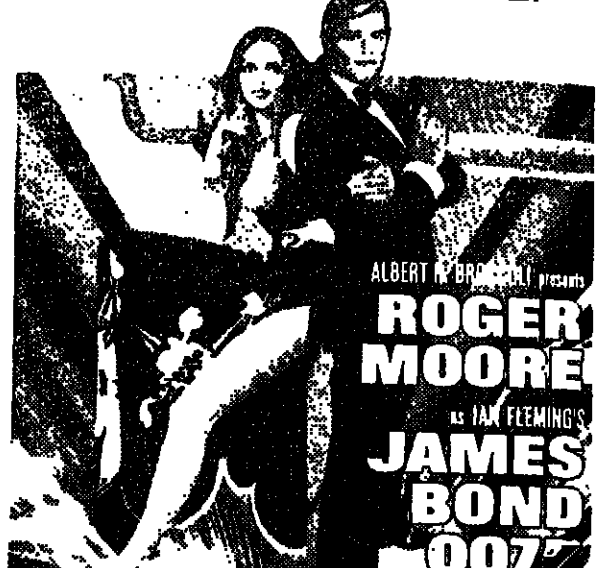
### Haifa

Music Museum and Amal Library, 23 Rehov Arlosoroff. Includes reconstructed musical instruments from Biblical times, manuscripts and Jewish music archives. Open Sun-Fri, 10 a.m. — 1 p.m., and also Mon and Wed, 4-7 p.m. Closed Saturdays. Tel. 04-64460.

### Rehovot

Weizmann Institute of Science — Conducted tours, Sun, 10 p.m. to 10.30 a.m., starting from the lobby of the Stone Administration Building.

IT'S THE BIGGEST IT'S THE BEST.  
IT'S BOND. AND BEYOND.



**"THE SPY WHO LOVED ME"**  
Israel premiere Sat. night 12.8.  
"OPHIR", T.A. • "ARMON", Haifa •  
"ARMON", Ramat Gan • "EDEN", Jerusalem.  
United Artists

### Galil Hotel — Netanya

Nice Boulevard Tel. 053-92096

Saturday evening, August 12, 1977 at 8.30 p.m.

### Jimmy Lloyd

Dancing to the sounds of the famous band from Paris: "Les Khaimas"

## UNITED MIZRAHI BANK LTD. offers Complimentary Investment Service for the Oleh.

We have the ANSWERS to your questions, such as:  
What to do with my funds when I arrive?  
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This service is available at the Bank's Head office or at any of the Bank's branches throughout the Country.

UNITED MIZRAHI BANK LTD.  
International Department 38 Lillienblum Street, Tel Aviv  
Tel. 622-315 ext. 205 or 295 (Pinna Frisch)



## THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL 1977

### Tomorrow

\* Melos Quartet plays works by Beethoven, 8.00 p.m., Tel Aviv Museum

### Saturday

\* Umabatha — Musical Version of Macbeth in Zulu, following successful presentation in England. 8.30 p.m., Mann Auditorium, Tel Aviv.

\* Melos Quartet, Stuttgart, special programme — works by Mozart, Janacek, Schubert. 9.00 p.m., Jerusalem Theatre.

\* Joseph Kalichstein plays Beethoven Piano Sonatas, 8.30 p.m., Haifa Auditorium.

— Tickets at agencies, and at Tel Aviv Museum (Melos Quartet) —

On Shabbat, take the whole family for homemade delicacies at

### Jerusalem Khan Restaurant

Help-yourself buffet — plenty of choice, assorted stuffed foods, etc.

Special cheap prices for children.

Bookings: Tel. 02-719602.

The Jerusalem Khan Restaurant, 2 Kikar Remez, opposite the Railway Station.

### The Chamber Music Summer School 15th Season

under the direction of Ramy Shevelov

### Concert at Tzavta

80 Rehov Ibn Gvirol  
as part of the 11.11 programme on  
Saturday, August 13, 1977 at 11 a.m.



Israel film archive — Jerusalem

12.15 p.m. The Wind and the Lion — John Milius

12.15 p.m. Hush — Alan Resnais

1.30 p.m. La Nuit Americaine — Francois Truffaut

1.30 p.m. The General — Buster Keaton

1.30 p.m. Sideways — Conrad Rooks

1.30 p.m. New Voyager — With Bette Davis

1.30 p.m. Robin and Marian — Richard Lester

1.30 p.m. Captains Courageous — Children's Film

1.30 p.m. The Wizard of Oz — Victor Fleming

1.30 p.m. Lecture by Dr. Greenberg — Movies on your mind

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

1.30 p.m. M. Shalev Auditorium, 100, Arzon, 37 Rehov Herta

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## Sweet and savoury

HAVING decided to see a film one day last week, we were amazed to find that the hall was sold out. Evidently on the rare occasions a good film is shown, there is a public interest in seeing it.

We decided to console ourselves for our disappointment by trying what appears to be Jerusalem's newest crierie, Poire et Pomme, which opened without fanfare a few months ago at 7, Rehov Hama'lot. Here, too, we were almost disappointed; the small eating area was full and we had to wait for a couple to depart before we could sit down.

The table was decked with a red-checked table cloth and we gazed out the window graced with red-checked curtains at the clients who were unlucky enough to arrive a few moments later

### BILL OF FARE

than we did. Meanwhile, the waitress gave us the menu, along with a pad and a pen with which to write down our orders. Not having written out my own order since travelling on the American railroads many years ago, I found the experience novel and amusing.

WE SAT BACK and watched a good-looking young woman making crêpes in a corner of the room. The crêpes offered were both sweet and savoury. To get an even sample, I tried the sweet variety, my companion the salty. The latter, a crêpe with Kaschkaval cheese, had been baked in its dish

for a few minutes, to produce thick creamy melted cheese, with just enough pancake to offset it. I chose a crêpe with *duice de leche*. This is a South American sweet produced by cooking milk and sugar together for many hours, until they assume a custard-like consistency. Anyone who has ever tried it will be addicted to life.

In addition to *duice de leche*, my crêpe had whipped cream, chopped nuts and a piece of banana. The latter seemed to have been added primarily to give the dish added elevation. In any case, it was excellent.

With our crêpes we had hot coffee and this proved so good that we each had another cup. The bill for two crêpes and four cups of coffee came to IL87.

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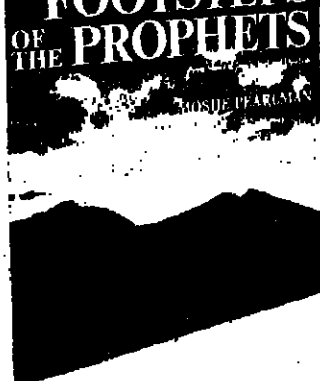
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L'ENFANT SAUVAGE 8.30 p.m.

Sunday, August 14

KAZABLAN 8.30 p.m.

Monday, August 15

L'ENFANT SAUVAGE 7.00 p.m.

THE LAST LAUGH 8.30 p.m.

Tuesday, August 16

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL 7.00 & 9.30 p.m.

Wednesday, August 17

WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT? 7.00 p.m.

DOMINIQUE CONJUGAL 8.30 p.m.

Thursday, August 18

LION'S HEART 11.00 a.m.

THE DEATH OF A BICYCLE RIDER 8.30 p.m.

WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT 11.00 p.m.

Friday, August 19

WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT 11.00 p.m.

Saturday, August 20

WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT 11.00 p.m.

Sunday, August 21

WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT 11.00 p.m.

Monday, August 22

WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT 11.00 p.m.

Tuesday, August 23

WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT 11.00 p.m.

Wednesday, August 24

WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT 11.00 p.m.

Thursday, August 25

WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT 11.00 p.m.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1977

هكذا من الأصل



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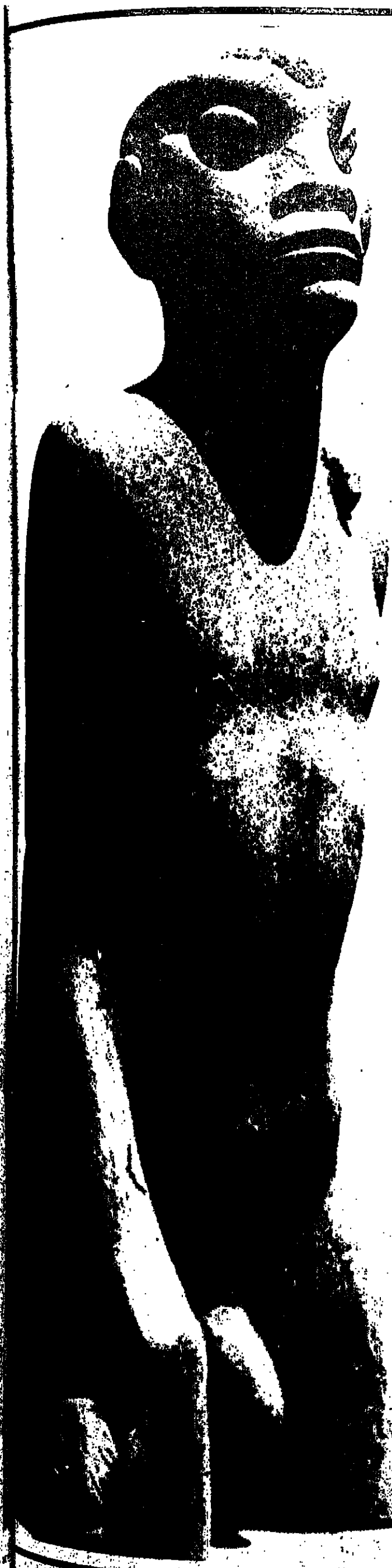
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Classified advertisements for publication on Friday in Hebrew and English can be handed in any day to any approved advertising agency or directly to an office of Haluah Hakaful, so as to reach the main office of Haluah Hakaful by the Wednesday evening preceding publication.

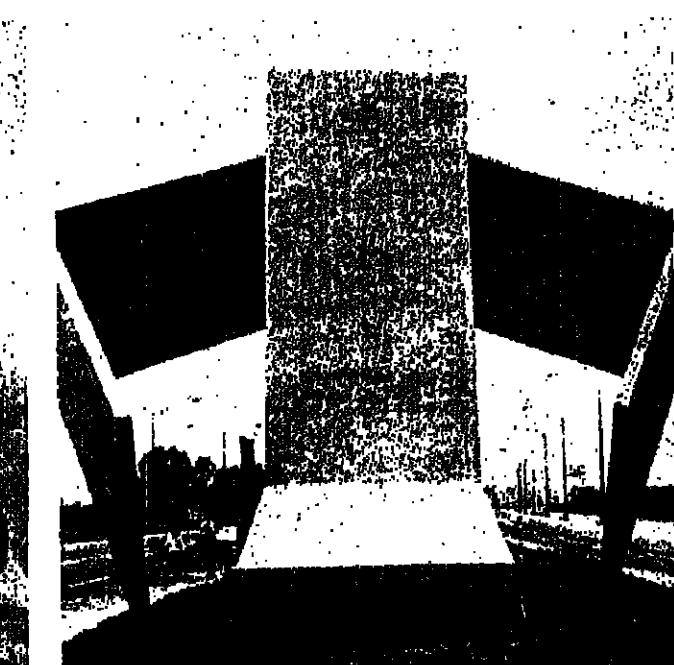
All advertisements so handed in will be translated into English and will appear on Friday in The Jerusalem Post, in addition to publication in Yediot Aharonot and Haaretz!!



**THE MIGHTY COMBINATION**

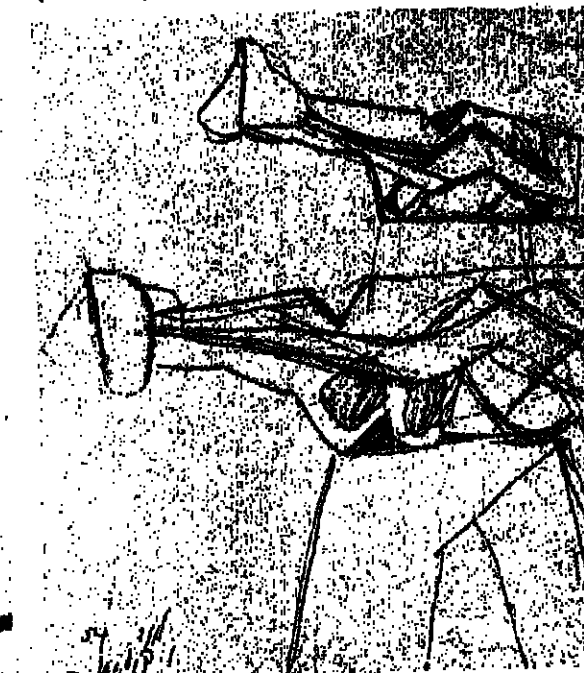


(Left) 'Nimrod': red Petra sandstone, 1988. (Above) Memorial to the fallen of Atya Bet, 1988.



(Above left) The sculptor. (Right) 'Peace Arch' at Mexico Olympics, 1968.

(Below left) Sketch for 'Sheep', 1974. (Right) Rehabilitation of Necher quarry on Mount Carmel.





# The Jolly Roger

THE WORLD OF DEFOE by Peter Earle. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 353 pp. £8.85.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE PYRATES by Daniel Defoe, edited by Manuel Schonhorn. London, J.M. Dent & Sons. 717 pp. £10 or £3.75.

Jeremy Nathan

IN THEIR DIFFERENT ways, each of these books confronts us with the overwhelming personality of Daniel Defoe. Earle's is a social historian's approach, almost solely through Defoe's own vast writings. In a remarkably disciplined way he has succeeded in giving Defoe's character coherence. He has brought Defoe's world to life, making one want to gallop off in any number of directions in pursuit of this or that subject touched on during his progress.

A sincere Dissenter, Defoe made himself the champion of London's merchants (mostly Dissenters too) and, with his pen, publicized London's rise as the entrepot of England and Western Europe. Despite several tours throughout Britain, he never saw the regions

beyond the Thames Valley by anything other than contributors to the wealth of London.

The Industrial Revolution would have horrified him. Conservative mercantilist that he was, he regarded it as England's function to take as much trade from Holland and France as possible. But Defoe was also a moralist, preaching that the London merchant should better himself through hard work, but not be excessively successful.

Earle shows that, in his various works, Defoe maintains that hard work and moderation are the surest paths to heaven, and yet in all his novels (except perhaps Robinson Crusoe), his heroes or heroines, after a life of vice, repent only at the last moment.

"It has always seemed a little unfair that a man can have a good time being bad and then wipe out his sins by a well-timed repentance or a death-bed conversion, however sincere," Earle remarks, adding later "Defoe would never have allowed the fictional behaviour of his heroes and heroines to be condoned in real life." Perhaps the novels were not meant to be taken too seriously.



The world of Defoe is attractively presented with end papers from Defoe's own magnificent *Atlas Maritimus* and *Commercial Atlas*.

DEFOE'S AUTHORSHIP of *A General History of the Pirates* was not established until 1932. Each pirate is treated in a separate chapter and many famous ones are included: Teach (Blackbeard), Captain England, Mary Read, Ann Bonny and Captain Kid. But not Henry Morgan.

Defoe's information on the West Indian pirates came largely from Woodes Rogers, a friend and former privateer who, during a voyage round the world, had rescued Alexander Selkirk (the original of Robinson Crusoe).

Though the book is a "history," Defoe doubtless embroidered on the facts somewhat. According to Schonhorn, the editor, Captain Misen existed only in Defoe's imagination; a reading of his "life" reminds one strongly of

Captain Singleton, the hero of Defoe's novels, except that Singleton was "saved" by a Quaker comrade in arms, while Misen is "damned" by having a his confidant a Dominican priest. Defoe was always fascinated by pirates and preoccupied with the problem of their depredations on commerce. As Earle remarks, it was easy for the pirates to fall on the merchant shipping; paraphrasing the preface to the *General History* he says: "(Before) the discovery of an accurate method of determining longitude, ships were in the habit of getting on to the latitude of their port of destination and then sailing due east or west till they reached it." Later, says Earle, such facts were to make protection easier for navies but, in this period, they meant that pirates simply had to sit across the correct lines of latitude at the right time of year and wait for their prey.

This is a very beautifully presented book (two volumes in one) being offered at an extraordinarily low price. It is nicely illustrated, both with contemporary prints and inserted plates, and has a comprehensive introduction with a supplement "Describing a Ship with all Her Tackling," plus some drawings of the various types of vessel used or preyed on by pirates. □

# A matter of conviction

AUSTRALIAN GENESIS: Jewish Convicts and Settlers, 1788-1850, by Rabbi John Levi and Dr. George Bergman. Canberra, Rigby, Ltd. London, Robert Hale. 380 pp. 2s.

Edwin Samuel

RABBI LEVI was born in Melbourne, where he obtained a double M.A.; he is now the senior rabbi of the leading Liberal Jewish synagogue in Australia. His colleague, Dr. Bergman, is a much older man; born in Germany, he has a doctorate in economics and another in law; he settled in Australia in 1947. Both authors separately have previously written books on Australian Jewry. The present, handsomely produced, volume was printed in Hong Kong with the help of grants from the Australian Council for the Arts and the New York Memorial Foundation for Jewish Culture.

Well-researched and well-written, the book must have been difficult to put together as it deals on the one hand with the origins of European settlement in Australia, and on the other with case-studies of several early Jewish settlers (some of them convicts).

These case-studies, however, while fascinating to read, tend to obscure the real reasons for the original colonization of Australia by convicts from Britain.

It is important to realize that it was only in 1770 that Captain Cook took formal possession of the east coast of Australia on behalf of the British Crown. He had sailed all the way around Cape Horn, in part to undertake astronomical observations on behalf of the Royal Society. He was also instructed to try to discover new sources of



Convicts disembarking for Botany Bay. Detail from the Routledge print.

cheap food and raw materials to be sent to Britain.

In the 18th century, Britain was in trouble. Large numbers of dispossessed peasants had drifted to the towns, looking for work at a time when several branches of manufacture and trade were in decline. As a result of unemployment, many women turned to prostitution and men to crime, especially in London. In 1786, a London magistrate estimated that out of a population of a million, there were 100,000 criminals and prostitutes. However, less than 2,000 of these were Jewish, mostly pickpockets and petty thieves. The total Jewish population of London was then only 20,000.

Of these, only about a thousand (or less than one per cent) have been identified as Jews. The largest number of Jewish criminals landed in Australia in

retaining medieval penal laws that were extremely savage. A woman who stole a pair of shoes worth only four shillings faced penal servitude for seven years. For stealing anything worth more than 40 shillings, men were hanged or, at the very least, sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment. As it was difficult to keep the numerous convicts in jail in Britain, they were transported to British possessions abroad. In 1778, it was decided to send them to the newly-acquired east coast of Australia, and between 1788 and 1852 (when transportation of convicts was abolished), nearly 160,000 British felons were sent there.

PROPERTY-OWNERS in Britain felt so menaced by the rising tide of crime that they insisted on

any one year was 28 out of 2,500. Hence the title of this book — *Australian Genesis, Jewish Convicts and Settlers* — gives quite a false impression. The Jewish element was negligible.

THE FIRST FLEET — comprising 11 sailing ships — left the British Isles in May, 1787, carrying 946 persons in all. Of these, 746 were convicts (including 188 women). 19 were naval officers and 191 were Royal Marines (to control the convicts). The fleet sailed for 12,000 miles round Cape Horn, against prevailing winds, and the journey took no less than nine months. It landed near the spot covered today by the city of Sydney.

Those who survived had a very hard life ahead of them. All the physical labour was undertaken by the convicts. Whatever food they produced was put into "public stores" and issued as rations to the Governor, the few civil servants, the police force and the convicts themselves.

At the end of their seven or 14 years' penal servitude, the convicts were "emancipated" — that is, released. But there was no provision for their return to Britain at public expense, so they remained in New South Wales as free settlers.

Other free settlers began to arrive directly from England and received grants of land, as well as the right to use a certain number of convicts as farm-hands and servants. Some free settlers also received valuable trading rights and permits to make and sell liquor. By 1791, there were already 150 private farms in New South Wales, but most of the cultivated land was still tilled by convicts under the Governor's direction. The whole colony was then only a coastal strip 150 miles long by 50 miles wide.

THE AUTHORS trace this early development and the part played in it by Jews. Some Jewish women

convicts became the mistresses or even wives of the non-Jewish military officers, of policemen, and of free settlers. Some Jewish ex-convicts opened up stores.

Of particular interest to Israeli readers will be the fate in Australia of several members of the London Montefiore family. One of them was Joseph Barrow (originally Baruch) Montefiore, a cousin of "our" Sir Moses Montefiore. In 1828, Joseph paid £1,500 for a place on the London Stock Exchange as one of 12 authorized Jewish brokers. However, impatient with the slow increase in his wealth, he emigrated to Australia in 1830 with a capital of £10,000, his wife Rebecca, two children and four other relatives.

He received a land grant of 5,000 acres, which he increased by purchases to 11,000 acres. In due course, he became a prosperous sheep farmer and wool merchant, with mining interests as well. Being an enterprising man, he established a trading-post in far-off New Zealand and even learnt Maori. He also became the agent in Australia of the Alliance Life Insurance Company of England, of which Sir Moses and Nathaniel Rothschild were directors.

But Joseph overextended his means, became insolvent and eventually moved to South Australia where, through the influence of Sir Moses in London, he became one of the eleven Royal Commissioners to organize the settlement of that State.

He helped to lay out the town of Adelaide (one of the best planned of all Australian cities). One of its hills is today still called Montefiore Hill. In 1846, he settled in Adelaide with seven daughters and one son, and stayed there until 1860, when he returned to London, where he eventually died.

# Loss of power

GOOD NEWS BIBLE Today's English version. London, The Bible Societies; Collins and Fontana, 1,294 pp. £2.95. Illustrated.

Alexander Zvielli

THIS IS an entirely new translation which purports to give the clear and accurate meaning of the original texts of the Old and New Testaments. The basic text used for the Hebrew Bible was *The Masora of Biblia Hebraica* (3rd edition, 1887), edited by Rudolph Kittel. The New Testament was translated from the Greek version published by the United Bible Societies (3rd edition, 1976), although in a few instances a variant reading was taken from other Greek manuscripts.

The English-reading public will find that the new translation offers a largely simplified text, much more fluid and easier to read and understand than the authorized King James masterpiece that has contributed so

much to the English language.

While experts may be upset, and will certainly dispute the great liberties taken with the original, this translation was designed for those unable to understand the more complicated passages. There are many places, however, where the general impact of the narrative has suffered, where sentences have lost their challenging power.

Let us take as an example a passage from Ezekiel's "Valley of Dry Bones" vision. Where the King James version reads: "The hand of the Lord was upon me and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones..." the *Good News Bible* has: "I felt the powerful presence of the Lord and his spirit took me and set me down in the valley where the ground was covered with bones..."

Anyone comparing the two translations with the Hebrew will find that the King James version

is not only much more exact, but also more picturesque and true to the original.

The King James Bible continues: "He said to me, 'Mortal man, can these bones come back to life?' I replied, 'Sovereign Lord, only you can answer that.' The *Good News Bible* renders this: "And he said to me, 'Son of man, can these bones live?' And I answered, 'O Lord God, thou knowest...'"

Here again, the *Good News Bible* takes certain theological and verbal liberties with the much more literal translation of the authorized version. There seems to be a very definite difference in meaning between "thou knowest" and "only you can answer that..."

READING the *Good News Bible*, one has the repeated impression that it is more of a midrash on the Bible than a Bible itself. But to be fair, great care has been taken by the translators and editors to preserve the rhythm and character of biblical poetry. Each book is introduced by a preface and explanation of its contents. Many maps and simple, unassuming

and often beautiful illustrations add charm to the work and purport to set the books in their proper geographical and historical perspective. This is open to argument.

A number of Christian reviewers have claimed, for example, that its unusually literal translation from the Greek should make the John gospel more acceptable to the Jewish reader. True, there are 21 cases in which the traditional use of the term "the Jews" has been rendered accurately as "the Jewish authorities," "the people," "they," "the crowd," and so on. The intention of these changes was to offset the anti-Jewish flavour of John's narrative.

To anyone who re-reads John very carefully, however, the changes cannot mitigate the polemical character of the gospel, whose purpose was to fortify the Christian fighting spirit of the new believers, with a corresponding denigration of their former co-religionists, who at the time when John was written were regarded as unbelieving adversaries.

The time apparently has not yet come when New Testament

readers can be informed objectively of the true nature of the birth of Christianity and the early Judeo-Christian struggle. The translators of the *Good News Bible* would have done a far better service if they had expanded some of their introductory and explanatory comments in a more ecumenical spirit. What they have produced seems to be a well-planned continuation of traditional Christian missionary activity.

Even though one feels a deep disappointment, it must, however, be admitted that this is a step forward for those meek and uninitiated people who are looking for a simple and easily understood English translation of the Bible.

For reference and study purposes, the King James version of 1811 and the one published by the Jewish Publication Society of America are vastly superior to most translations. But any Jewish reader who can do so is strongly advised to read the Bible in Hebrew. However well-intentioned and accurate, no translation has yet succeeded in conveying the greatness of the original. □

# Marching through Georgia

TO CAUCASUS, THE END OF ALL THE EARTH by Fitzroy Maclean. London, Jonathan Cape. 204 pp. £9.50.

THIS HANDSOME volume, subtitled "An illustrated companion to the Caucasus and Transcaucasia," is everything that a travel book should be — and more. Over half of the text is taken up by a short but adequate account of the fortunes of the region from the earliest times to Stalin's death in 1953. There are about 50 pages of photographs, 10 of them in colour.

Sir Fitzroy Maclean, a member

of the British Diplomatic Service before World War II, knows the area intimately, and makes some instructive comparisons between what life there was like 20 to 80 years ago and what it is like today. But he is much more than an excellent guide, and in his descriptions of people and places he throws in some rare insights.

While in Tbilisi, the capital of the Soviet Socialist Republic of Georgia, he notes the people's manifest pride in their nationality and quotes an old Russian who spat vigorously on the pavement and complained, "It's all Georgian this and Georgian that." It is interesting to note that even Stalin provides an outlet for nationalistic sentiment; when Khrushchev made the first speech in his famous de-Stalinization campaign, rioting broke out in the streets of Tbilisi in protest against this insult to the name of a great son of Georgia!

On differences between

Georgian and Russian, the author has this to say: "The Georgians are tremendously unlike the Russians, and their language, which they speak at a great rate, is as different from Russian as Chinese is from English. This, and much else besides, the Russians are inclined to find bewildering." It appears, too, that the Russians are as greatly impressed by the Georgians' notorious business acumen as are the Israelis, whose first significant encounter with the phenomenon came in recent years with the influx of new immigrants from the region.

Sir Fitzroy tells the story of the operator who, by simply booking all the seats, managed to charter an Aeroflot plane to fly over masses of mimosas from the Black Sea to Moscow, where he sold them at an enormous profit to flower-starved Muscovites. He then flew back with a cargo of Dresden china from East Germany, which he sold at an equally

large profit at Tbilisi.

In sharp contrast to the Georgians — "gay, romantic, heroic extroverts, who like fighting and drinking and dancing and making love and dressing up and showing off and who are awayed by sudden violent emotions..." — are the Armenians, whom the author describes as "dour and dogged, clear thinkers, hard workers, hard fighters and hard bargainers, whose proud boast is that, while it takes three Greeks to get the better of a Jew, it takes three Jews to get the better of an Armenian."

WHAT OF the future of these and other nationalities which in the past fought so stubbornly and valiantly for their independence? According to Soviet propaganda, the boundaries dividing the 15 Soviet Socialist Republics are "increasingly losing their former significance."

A Soviet Communist Party programme published some years ago admitted, however, that the merger would take time. "The effacement of national distinctions," it stated, "and especially of language distinctions is a considerably longer process than the effacement of class distinctions."

Everywhere else in the world peoples and nationalities are being egged on by Moscow to demand and receive full control over their affairs. How would the rulers of the Soviet Union react to such demands from their own Republics? The author's estimate is clear. These rulers "have no intention of practising what they so readily preach to others. If a Georgian or an Armenian or a Uzbek or a Tajik were to be so simple as to suggest that his country should make use of its constitutional right to secede from the Soviet Union, he would at once be in the worst kind of trouble as a 'bourgeois nationalist.'" □ F.R.R.

# Nos amis, les ennemis

THE ARABS AND ZIONISM BEFORE WORLD WAR I by Neville Mandel. Berkeley: University of California Press, 258 pp. xviv pp. No price stated.

THE ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT: Readings and Documents edited by John Norton Moore. New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1286 — xxxvii pp. \$37.50

Nissim Rejwan

DR MANDEL'S RESEARCH covers the years 1882-1914 — starting 15 years before the Zionist Movement was formally founded with the convening of the First Zionist Congress, and ending three years before the Balfour Declaration. The most significant point of the study is that, contrary to popular belief, the Arabs were familiar with Zionist aims and activities in Palestine right from the outset.

From the beginning, too, the Arabs were largely opposed. The first Arab demand for a stop to Jewish immigration, we learn, was made as early as 1891, when Arab notables in Jerusalem sent a telegram to the Ottoman government asking that effective measures be taken.

The author shows, moreover, that by 1914 Arabs beyond the boundaries of Palestine were well-informed about Zionist activities

in the country, and "the essentials of Arab anti-Zionism had been worked out." By that year, he relates, "Arab nationalists had met Zionist leaders, and small anti-Zionist societies had been formed in Jerusalem, Jaffa, Nabulus, Beirut, Constantinople and Cairo." His conclusion is that, "from the point of view of the present day Arab-Israeli conflict, the period before 1914 should be viewed in a new light, for the roots of Arab hostility to Israel extend back to it."

Though it concentrates mainly on the theme of Arab reactions to Zionism before World War I, the book includes some highly instructive perspectives on a number of secondary issues. Strictly speaking, Dr. Mandel avoids dealing with what he calls "the other side of my coin" — namely the Jewish immigrants' own attitudes and reactions. Nevertheless, he touches on such subjects as relations between the Jewish community already dwelling in Palestine and the new arrivals.

The "Ottoman Jews," we learn, "knew Arabic and, broadly speaking, their relations with Arabs were correct, if not close. They were affronted," Dr. Mandel continues, "by the godlessness of their new immigrant co-religionists (particularly among the Second Aliya) and if, as seemed likely, these immigrants were

liable to unsettle relations between the Arabs and all Jews in Palestine, this was another reason to deplore their arrival."

Another aspect of the subject is mentioned in passing, when the author asserts that "most members of the new Yishuv were genuinely taken aback to find Palestine inhabited by so many Arabs (roughly 95 per cent of the population in 1882). Given that they believed they were coming to a barren, empty land, their surprise was understandable. Moreover, lacking a knowledge of Arabic, establishing their own colonies and institutions, and moving very much within their own environment, they perceived only slowly that the local population thought of them."

The Arabs, on the other hand, "observed the growth of the new Yishuv, noted the failure of the official restrictions on Jewish entry and land purchase — and began to react."

Dr. Mandel is a meticulous researcher. His book, though it started life as a Ph.D. thesis and was thus written in that special language reserved for such efforts, is highly readable in its present, revised form. Here and there, however, one encounters statements and conclusions that seem to be somewhat forced.

Apart from the overall impression that both publisher and author seem rather surprised at the discovery that the local pop-

ulation "knew" about the Zionists and their enterprise so early in the proceedings, there are a few instances in which too much is read into the text and the conclusions are overblown.

One such case is the author's remarks about "Arab anti-Semitism." In the course of his concluding chapter, for instance, he writes: "Arab anti-Semitism was sufficiently pervasive for Ruh Bey al-Khalidi to think it necessary to preface his speech in Parliament in 1911 by declaring that he was not an anti-Semite, but an anti-Zionist." To this reviewer, it seems probable that what was "pervasive" was not so much "Arab anti-Semitism" as apprehension of being labelled an anti-Semite.

THROUGHOUT ITS 1,300 crammed pages, *The Arab-Israeli Conflict* is extremely weak on Arabic readings and documents, with the result that its whole coverage of the Arab side of the debate is rather wanting. Nor does the Zionist and Israeli side fare much better as far as ideological stands are concerned. Indeed — sponsored by the American Society of International Law — Professor Moore's collection of readings and documents shows a marked preference for those aspects of the conflict having to do with legality and international law, largely eschewing attitudes and ideologies.

In the documentary part, for instance, the first section deals with "The Origins of the Conflict 1897-1947." It furnishes seven texts,

none of which pertains in any way to the Arab position. Only one can be said to expound the Zionist point of view. It starts with the Balfour Programme of August, 1897, and concludes abruptly in 1922 with a Congressional resolution favouring the establishment of a Jewish home in Palestine.

In the course of his concluding chapter, for instance, he writes: "Arab anti-Semitism was sufficiently pervasive for Ruh Bey al-Khalidi to think it necessary to preface his speech in Parliament in 1911 by declaring that he was not an anti-Semite, but an anti-Zionist." To this reviewer, it seems probable that what was "pervasive" was not so much "Arab anti-Semitism" as apprehension of being labelled an anti-Semite.

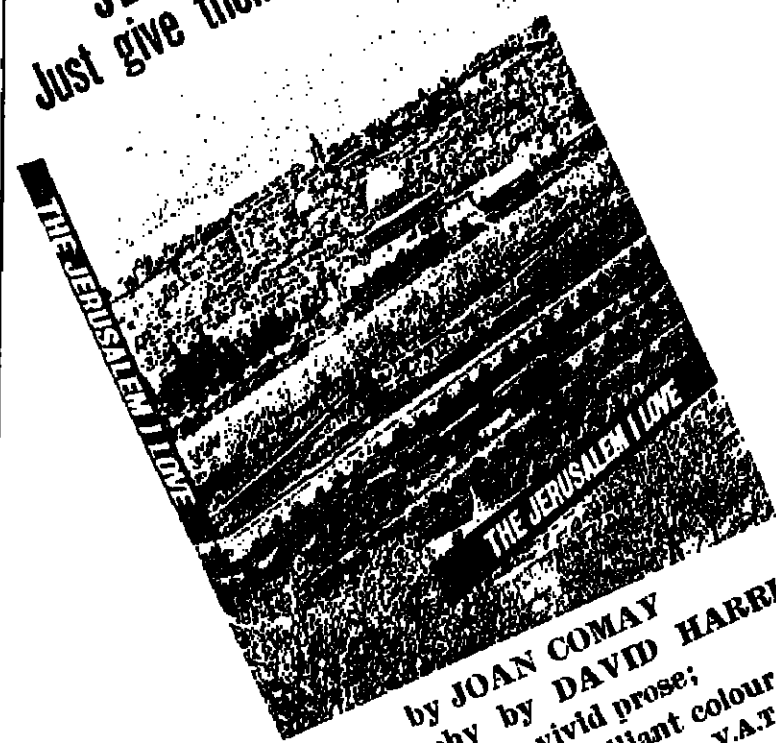
1897, and concludes abruptly in 1922 with a Congressional resolution favouring the establishment of a Jewish home in Palestine.

The readings section, which takes up the first two-thirds of the volume, is by its very nature more variegated and in many ways more comprehensive, since both the Israeli and Arab sides are often incorporated in articles and papers dealing with various aspects of the conflict. Unlike the documents section, the readings reproduced here extend up to April, 1976, concluding with an address given by former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger before the American Jewish Congress. In it, incidentally, he spoke of "the dream of peace" and quoted Isaiah — adding that "the U.S. and Israel will have the courage and the faith to seek this dream and fulfil it." □

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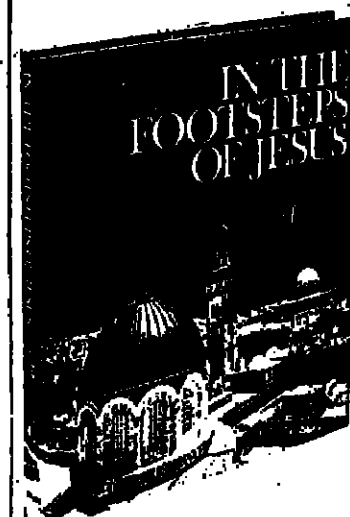


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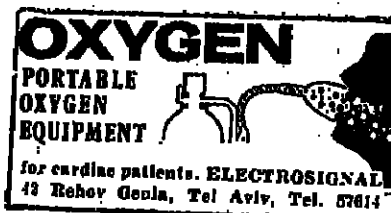
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## Old pros' new prose

"VILLANOVA'S operations are world-wide. It would be no exaggeration to lay at his door most of the criminal phenomena of the past two decades: the efflorescence of the youth cult, obviously; the corruption of most modern languages; the pseudo revolution, actually a retrogressive movement, in sex; the journalistic enshrining of mediocrity, the publicizing of the banal, the investigation of the consequential — while he himself has realized the Renaissance ideal, the prince-poet-satyr, autocrat, gastronome, dandy and I should be tempted to add 'sage,' were it not for Baudelaire's formidable statement that 'the Sage fears laughter, as he fears worldly speculations and concupiscence.' Whereas these are precisely Villanova's delights."

Yes, but just who is Teddy Villanova? Ask Thomas Berger (Delacorte, New York, 247 pp., \$7.95) and you may not get a straight answer; but the elliptical thrill-ride of prose and plot are well worth the price of inquiry. Berger (*Little Big Man*, *Gravy in Berlin*, *Reinhardt in Love*, etc.) this time around sends up the hard-boiled private-eye novel, with much homage and affectionate satire applied to the Chandler-MacDonald-Hammett detective school of hard knocks.

They're all here — the red herrings, the black-and-blue beatings, the scarlet secrets, the white lies and the slightly yellow hero. And they make for a sany page-turner worthy of the masters. But above all, we have the cunning and cadence of Berger's cockeyed diction of detection. This is very much a novel that speaks for itself. Here's hero Russell Wren, English professor turned private investigator, in the simple act of gunshooting down the street:

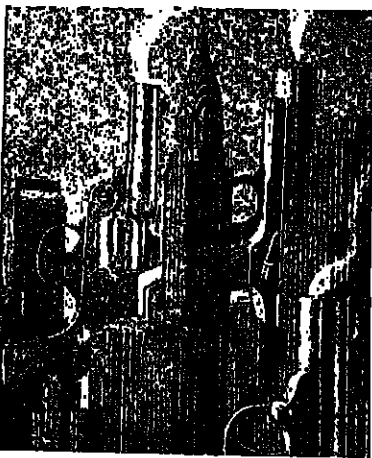
"I stepped up my pace, penetrating the sidewalk congestion oblivious to the individuals who made it up, each the hero of his own tragedy or farce, most no doubt involved in both at once, as I believe it was Schopenhauer who stated in a Teutonic bon mot. Elsewhere he deplores the crackling of whips heard in the streets of his day, then the implements of coachmen and not exclusively the furniture of S&M get-togethers. As I used to tell my students, a work should be read in the context of its time." Read this one, soon.

The Season in Purgatory (Collins, London, 228 pp., £3.75) is 1944 on the Adriatic coast of Mura, off the coast of Yugoslavia. In this, his 10th book (most recently *Gossip from the Forest*), Australian-born author Thomas Keneally relates with sleek detachment the harrowing experience of young British surgeon David Pelham, who is dropped behind enemy lines to serve as battlefield outter for Marshal Tito's partisans. The detachment is necessary for handling both the love affair with the majestic Moja Javich, and for the activities on the operating table.

THE STORY LINE is conventional, but Keneally fleshes out the novel with precise detail and not a few polished vignettes of an almost forgotten hellhole of World War II. Amid the madness of what German shells do to partisan bodies and the brutal Ba'kaas, partisans do to themselves, Pelham almost loses his grip. He manages to salvage



Jacket art for P.H. Newby's 'Kith.'



Cover for 'Who is Teddy Villanova?'

### Matthew Nesvisky

his sanity only when he comes to believe "That the masters of the ideologies, even the bland ideology of democracy, were bloodcraved. That at the core of their political fervour, there stood a desire to punish with death anyone who hankered for other systems than those approved."

No heroes in this one, then, and no real revelations — but beneath the inescapable melodramatics is a good honest story. Much of the M.A.S.H.-like surgical manoeuvring, however, is only for readers with the toughest of tummies.

Kith (Faber and Faber, London, 124 pp., £3.95) is P.H. Newby's fifth novel, and presumably deep down in his heart he would like someone to think that his books are doing for Cairo what Lawrence Durrell's did for Alexandria, or perhaps what Paul Scott's are doing for India. No chance. The blurb of *Kith* calls it "deft, stylish, beautifully intelligent comedy." No way. This is an awkward and foolishly conceived little story which can never quite make up its mind if it is to be taken seriously or not.

Pie, David Cosens, posted to Egypt in 1942, meets his uncle's Coptic wife; they have an affair (she generally takes on only officers); she tries suicide; David beats up her father and they all have a laugh over that; the uncle steps on a mine; David barely survives a murder attempt; the girl gets religion and David becomes a secular monk. And all along this "comedy" are strewn pretentious reflections on love, St. Anthony, the meaning of reality and the like. *Kith* is the longest short novel I can recall. You kin kith thith one goodbye.

The Shrine (Constable, London, 166 pp., £2.95) is Mary Lavin's 14th volume of fiction no less, yet the five stories in this latest effort all fall to satisfy to one degree or another. Well crafted descriptive passages cannot make up for the

wooden way in which she moves her characters about; rich Irish lyricism clanks with frequent intrusions of American clichés.

LAVIN WAS BORN in Massachusetts, but was taken back to the Auld Sod by her family when she was 10. She's been living there ever since, publishing a steady stream of fiction, mostly in *The New Yorker*. Makes one long for the sure editorial hand of the late Harold Ross. "Tom" is almost a parody of *The New Yorker* family reminiscence rumble; it is not without its nice touches, but one cannot help thinking of how Joyce took his autobiographical hero back to his daddy's native village with so much more power and economy than Lavin manages. Must every Irish prose writer labour under the shadow of Joyce? Only until they give up whiskey, popery, and bombery in Belfast.

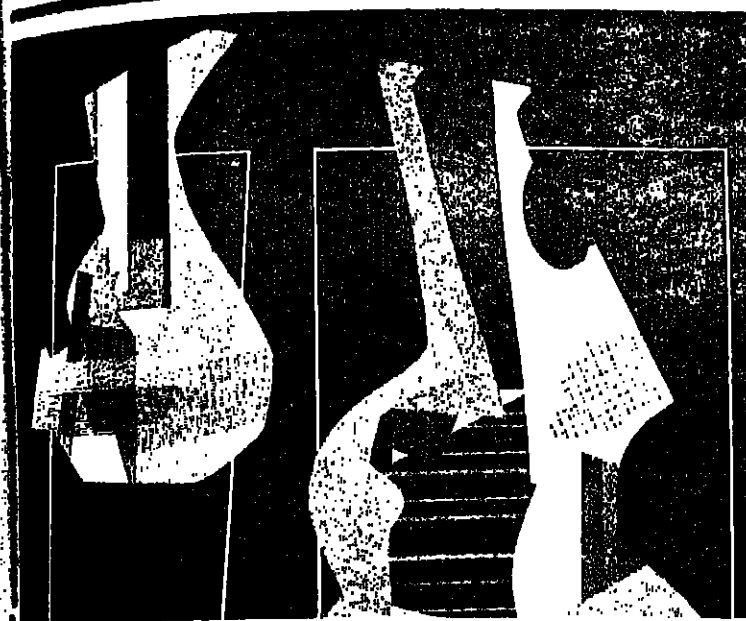
"A Mug of Water" and the title story both suffer from similar contrivance and forced action. In the latter, an elderly country canon disapproves of his niece's fiancé because the latter's scientific work could undermine the commercial benefits of the local Lourdes. The girl's relationship with the two men is convincingly detailed; trouble is, the reader twigs everything miles before Miss Lavin gets around to laying it all out for us.

Poles apart are the two remaining stories in the collection. "Senility" has remarkable intelligence and poise in depicting the problems of the aged. But "Eterna" is a silly fancy on a young doctor's non-encounter with an artistic novice in a nunnery, and is simply too gaseous to merit further comment.

ALTHOUGH *Hers* (Penguin, London, 219 pp., 80p) is a first novel, A. Alvarez is certainly no literary newcomer. One of Britain's chief cultural arbiters, Alvarez is a poet and the poetry editor of *The Observer*. He has also written several volumes of influential literary criticism (most notably *The Shaping Spirit*) and a stunning study of suicide (*The Savage God*).

First published in 1974 but Penguinized only now, *Hers* is at once modest and ambitious. The story — of a hopeless adulterous affair in the groves of conventional. That the novel's true centre is (a) a woman who is (b) working out her horrors of the Holocaust and (c) represents certain aspects of the new generation's post-war malaise, almost certainly forebodes it to partial success at best.

Small wonder then that the root of the heroine's inner life remains suggested rather than explained. This is not necessarily a failure, although it is more the mode of poetry than fiction. But poetry is poetry than fiction. But poetry is Alvarez's meat, and every page of *Hers* is seasoned and basted with the choicest of metaphor and diction. Much of the unifying imagery of this survivor's tale is in fact shadowed by one of Alvarez's closest poetic spirits, Sylvia Plath. Black leather, white hospital rooms with red flowers, rain whipping through trees, fascist emblems, dark bullet shapes speeding through a stream — Alvarez harnesses them all to set off the everyday in an extraordinary light. And as Alvarez knows, that's what much good poetry is all about. □



Detail of "Windows 1018", acrylic (Goldman's Gallery, Haifa).

## New at the Galleries

UCHUM TEVET'S artistic preoccupation with measure, dimension and modular composition has led him this time to panel the gallery walls with using paper watercoloured to a muted finish of pinkish red. Based on his modular principles, he's large frameless panels of early-hanging translucent paper joined together to form units of 18 and 24 rectangles.

He has applied dark red lines diagonally across the planes and back geometric or spacial principles, information that carries in itself weight compared with installation's total impact.

He it as a room change, from harshness of bare white plaster into filmy, powdered space almost like a boudoir. The artist sees it as a transformation of flat space and colour to a red tag, with angled wind-lines describing flutter, symbolic of change and revolt.

The work seems to be misguided and without obvious merit; and sure like the artist's thoughts about more grandiose projects than a finished statement. It is a rather pretentious effort and a far cry from Tevet's classy black paintings, a few of which are also on view. Their severely measured shapes and inscribed or etched reactions related to classical iconoclastic art (Russ Gallery, 19 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

FOUR GRADUATES from the High School of Art are exhibiting their "final examinations," paintings and drawings created during a year of independent study, the last of a six-year programme. Despite the apparent lack of challenge and experiment (all working in traditional forms and media), it is gratifying to see that each has drifted into a different language of expression.

A series of strong expressionistic architectural drawings by BENJAMIN BEBETIKER is filled with theatrical lighting and illusions of stage action. His large patchwork collage of ageing cartons is subtle compared to the aggressively composed collage-assemblages by SOPHIE JUNGHEIS.

tional, leaning towards abstractions of nature in which the landscape is kept very much alive. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv). □

GIL GOLDFINE

CHAKI shows oils, acrylics and mixed media, entitled "Windows" and based on the headless female torso with the contemporary emphasis, now become tiresome, on bulging thighs and genitalia.

The grey acrylics and wash are fiercely realist but do not constitute the artist's real concern. His purpose is expressed in the high-toned, hard-edge painted torso, natural coloration being the light brown and orange of the legs. The interiors, which are the essential design, are filled by shapes of all kinds, hatched, lined, round, etc., which may or may not be inspired by human innards. Their opposing colours lead to an optical brilliance wherein a single area catches the eye and decides the viewer's reaction to a given item.

Carefully worked out blue, black and white framed rectangular backgrounds, throwing the subject forward, convey the "window" idea. Thus Chaki plays down sex by insisting on his own aesthetics. Whether he has entirely succeeded is uncertain; those thighs are in the way.

Personal choice calls on the "Two personage" pieces, one evidently a male. Headless but with heads suggested, they are conversational pieces; the two figures are in contact. The fact that they are seemingly clothed permits a more coordinated, less dazzling harmony; composition is well managed and they do emit a living vividness (Goldman's Gallery, Haifa).

NITZA FLANTZ does drawings in pastel and panda. Her work is chiefly devoted to the female nude, executed in a bravura manner stressing physique, sometimes to an exaggerated extent. She employs the usual device of creating surface mystery by leaving portions vaguely swirling or apparently unfinished. Indeed, the only naturally posed figure is the quite effective woman stretched on a chaise longue (5).

In general her single figures have a professional, if glossy, touch. On the other hand, the groups have no true contact among themselves; artistically, each component is on her own (Danya Art Gallery, Haifa). Till Aug. 20. □

E. HARRIS



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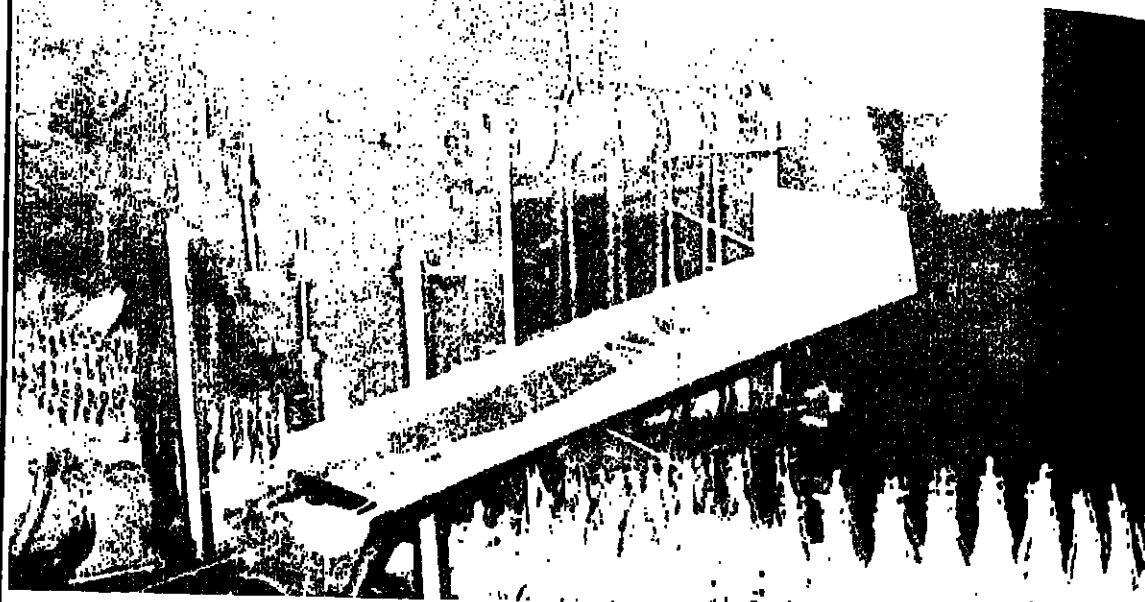
Fellowship Grants are awarded by a Joint German-Israeli Committee, whose chairman is Prof. W. Gentner of the Max Planck Institute for Nuclear Physics. The next committee meeting for granting fellowships is scheduled for the second half of October 1977.

Application forms can be obtained at the following address:

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Jerusalem 91000, Tel. 02-50281, ext. 325

Application forms should be accompanied by all relevant documents requested in the forms, and should be submitted by September 15, 1977, to the address mentioned in the application forms.

# Substitute's substitute



The last straw: a machine for removing straws from bottles, developed by the Israel Institute of Innovation.

## Helga Dudman

THE NEWS this week is so good as to be nearly unbelievable. Here it is in summary: people actually prefer good things, and good things can be a great success—even though clever giant private industry is shouting the opposite at the public.

Does this sound incredible? Well, the thesis is proved by the beautiful fresh fruit you can now drink at Tel Aviv's blended-fruiteries. The hugely successful pioneer, which opened on Rehov Ibn Gabirol a few months ago and is called "Fruit House," has sprouted branches on Dizengoff and at Kikar Namir, and competitors are flourishing as well. And so, suddenly, this city's capricious citizens are lining up to enjoy the substitute's substitute—which is to say, the genuine article. Whole, real, fresh fruit frothed up before your eyes and poured into a glass, as distinguished from the "fruit type" or "subliminally fruit-suggestive" bottle fillers so popular here, made of drip-dry polyester and marketed by brainwashing.

This amazing development, especially newsworthy for a country famous for fruit exports, comes at the turbulent peak of the soft-drink war being waged by massed phalanxes of advertising agencies singing to us that this or that bottle-filler makes life worth living—provided you are young—and dehydration fun. And in spite of this, the customers—especially young ones—are thronging to this unadvertised new delight.

New? About 15 years ago, on a visit to Rhodes, I nearly stayed forever on that island because of the fresh peach juice churned to order at nearly every kiosk by a beat-up blender.

Yes, by then the blender was already fairly old hat. Why in the world did we dynamic and ingenious people here have to go on gulping our way through millions of dubious bottles, and those terrible kiosk vats filled with ominously rotating liquids coloured poison yellow and poison red? Our alternatives were fresh orange juice at selected kiosks—and at luxury hotels after many battles—or else pulverized carrots, which are no taste thrill but at least make one feel virtuous.

NOW AT LAST, so many years after their rightful time, liquidized apricots, apples, pears, grapes, strawberries, bananas, plums, etc., etc., in season, in freshly frothy glasses, have come to Israel.

Prices are around IL6 to IL8, with milk a little extra; here and

there a discount for soldiers. Considering the price of bottled drinks, and considering that there are people who would gladly pay that price just not to have to drink those famous brands, blended fruits are now probably one of the country's best bargains.

The cut fruit sits there, clean and expectant, in little bins, ready to be whirled round and round, hypnotizing the customers just like television. Choices also include pineapple and other tinned fruits out of season, of which purists would not approve, but let's not carp at this worthy trend.

The staff at Fruit House, new immigrants from Argentina, wear T-shirts with the fruit message, a wiser T-shirt drink message than some others around. The noise level from the row of blenders is something between a bomber and an air-conditioner, and perhaps because you cannot hear their conversation, the cultural level of the clientele seems a shade higher than that of the bottled-drink crowd. It may, however, be too early to prove this definitively.

You can liquefy fruit in your own blender at home, of course; but to achieve a wide choice of flavours would mean many hours of fruit cubing, though it might also be good training in nose-to-the-grindstone for children. Some hot day I may run up Ibn Gabirol from one end to the other, stopping in at each fruit parlour to tank up with a different blend, thus getting the natural sugar energy needed for a survey on whether there are now fewer oversized trucks disgorging clanking cases of bottled drinks on the sidewalks.

YET ANOTHER instant water substitute is now coming on the market. Really a coffee substitute, it is called "Coffee Plus," costs about half as much as instant coffee, and in its simplest form makes a cup of the beverage, hot or cold.

At its press debut at the Tel Aviv Hilton, which a cruel snarl of fate prevented me from attending, the chefs used it to produce mocha, eclairs, mousses, something called a Bombe Brazillenne, and Café Glacé Viennois. And all of this I tragically missed.

The one compensation in being cheated out of these flamboyant performances, which are a vibrantly important journalistic

fringe benefit, is that when the journalist turns back into a pumpkin and finds herself in her own kitchen, there is usually a far cry between the chef's achievements and her own little fallen mousse or defused bombe.

I feel safe, though, in giving the Viennese recipe, because it seems within the reach of most of us. To one glass of warm Coffee Plus add one scoop vanilla ice cream. The recipe also calls for a topping of whipped cream and ground chocolate, but this is getting us back into hotel-land.

I am going on so about this because anything which helps wean us from coffee dependency is a good thing. Most people drink far too many cups a day which, I am told, fine for low blood pressure, but most people's seams on the high side.

The "Plus" of the new product includes "essences of cereal grain, chicory hearts, high quality instant coffee, and fruit extracts," which puts it nearly into the virtuous granola category. When I tried it for breakfast, I found it several steps removed from my morning instant. But then, that isn't "real coffee" either, as my more finely-honed friends keep telling me. It's what I'm used to, though, which makes it "coffee."

One ought to be able to get used to chicory hearts in no time. This is known as not having a rigid personality.

COFFEE is supposed to "exhilarate" the drinker, though one doesn't see much of this effect around town. We are too far gone down the road to Roman depravity to drink our 10 summer glasses a day of instant water. Now, there's a real convenience beverage—just add water to a glass and presto! It's all ready! A glass of water!

Thoreau, who had a brief sojourn in America a few years ago but seems to have sunk back into obscurity again, said that people "frequently starve not for want of necessities but for want of luxuries; I know a good woman who thinks her son lost his life because he took to drinking water only."

The new coffee product is recommended for offices that provide their free-loading employees with free coffee (the price of beans is now 16 times what it was in 1965, and any present decrease, it is felt, is likely to be temporary). If the straight taste doesn't please the more finicky staff members, why then switch to gaily from Thoreau to Marie Antoinette. Let them drink Café Glacé Viennois. □



The Greek National Theatre presenting Sophocles' 'Philoctetes,' in the 18,000 seat amphitheatre at Epidauros.

# Tragedy in Epidauros

## Mendel Kohansky

TWO THOUSAND three hundred and eighty-six years after its first performance at the Dionysian Festival in Athens, Sophocles' *Philoctetes* opened the 1977 Greek Festival in a performance by the Greek National Theatre in Epidauros. The miraculously preserved, 18,000-seat amphitheatre described by contemporaries as the most beautiful in all of Greece—with such marvellous acoustics that a coin dropped in the orchestra clinks loud and clear at highest tier—was filled with a shimmering human tapestry, everyone frantically fanning himself with anything that came to hand.

The thermometer that day hit 50 degrees, the highest temperature recorded in Greece in a century; the stone seats of the amphitheatre, soaked in the sun all day, were exuding an intense heat. My neighbour, a Mexican professor of classical drama who arrived at the festive event in formal dress with medals, as befitting a proud descendant of the Conquistadores, soon stripped to his shirtless. Here and there one could see a couple of nurses unobtrusively removing the limp body of a fainting drama lover.

The seldom-performed *Philoctetes* was chosen to open the festival because it is one of the lesser known of the precious few classical tragedies to survive to modern times. Sophocles himself is reputed to have written as many as 128 plays, of which only seven are extant. It does not have the grandeur of *Oedipus Rex* or of *Antigone*, but possesses all the elements that made his other plays great.

*PHILOCTETES* is a tragic hero of excellence, a man of strength and powerful passions, a mortal who dares to defy fate and even to quarrel with the gods. On the way to Troy, the great warrior is stricken with a horrible and unbearably painful disease, and

an attempt to adhere as closely as possible to what is believed to have been the original style, classical Greek drama is performed today in a ritualistic and static manner. Not much is left to the imagination of the director or to the creativity of the actor, who is allowed to do little more than declaim the text.

That morning, I had attended a symposium at which theatre people from all over the world spoke about methods of bringing Greek drama, with its universal and eternal elements, closer to modern times. Only the Greek participants insisted that the plays be performed with no changes in the text as they were in the days of Pericles.

It seems that, by their own lights, they were right, as I learned in the amphitheatre that evening, watching the thousands who had made the pilgrimage, as they have done year after year, to see the ancient glory of Greece come to stage life.

I was reminded of a similar experience several months ago on a brief visit to Paris. I was dragged, kicking and screaming, to a matinee performance of Corneille's *Le Cid* at the Comédie Française. I found the artificiality of the plot and the language, and most of all of the acting, impossible to bear. But I couldn't help being impressed by the almost religious attention of an audience ranging from schoolgirls to the ancient gentleman in the next row.

He wore a well-cut black suit, the lapel adorned by a rosette of the *Legion d'honneur*, which must have been awarded to him by Napoleon III. He looked blase, throughout the performance, soundlessly mouthing the lines so beautifully spoken by the actors. I wondered how many times he had seen the play. And there, as in Epidauros there is, of course, the strange language, modern Greek translated from the classical, in of jealousy. □

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# Notice to Writers, Poets and Publishers

The Ministry's Hebrew Book Council advises writers, poets and publishers that books may be submitted to the Guidance Centre for Public Libraries, 14 Rehov Yehoshua, Jerusalem (P.O.B. 242), with a view to including the books in a central acquisition programme (original Hebrew works in prose, poetry, plays, essays and criticism, and works in these fields by writers resident in Israel, translated into Hebrew).

Books should be submitted to the Guidance Centre for Public Libraries, for checking and approval by a selection committee. Such books should not have received financial support from a government institution or other public body. Books printed after April 1977 should be submitted as galley proofs in three copies. Preference will be given to first books. If such books meeting the selection committee's criteria are not submitted, other books will be chosen on their merits.

Upon receipt of the approval of the selection committee, a suitable contract will be drawn up between the Guidance Centre and the publisher. The writer or poet will be paid royalties amounting to 20% of the gross purchase value.

## Appeal for Help

We call for aid to help rehabilitate a family the head of the family being bedridden many years, paralyzed in all limbs.

There are many children, and the family is unable to support itself. The family has contracted debts which it is now required to discharge. Can we refuse to come to the aid of members of the House of Israel. May those who contribute be blessed.

CHAIM SHMUEL VITZ Head of the Mir Yeshiva  
SHLOMO ZALMAN AUERBACH Head of the Kol Tora Yeshiva

Contributions may be made as follows:

To Rabbi Avigdor Nebenzal, Head of the Kotel Yeshiva and Rabbi of the Old City, 9 Rehov Batel Mahse, Old City, Jerusalem.

To Rabbi Shilo Raphael, Rabbi of Kiryat Moshe, 20 Rehov Nissenbaum, Jerusalem.

To Mr. Shmuel Shulson, Deputy Mayor of Jerusalem, City Hall, 22 Rehov Yafa, Jerusalem.

Into Post Office Bank account 4-19384-7.  
Or United Mizrahi Bank account 246882, at the branch at 3 Rehov Malchei Yisrael, Jerusalem.

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הכרזה מן הארץ



# AFFLUENT SOCIETY

REMEMBER the pre-election television commercial in which one of the Panther parties contrasted a dog being bathed in a Tel Aviv pet salon and twin babies getting a bath in a metal tub in an overcrowded home? I have thought of that ad often during my current visit to the U.S., when there is so much effective material for such contrasts.

During the New York power blackout, there were numerous instances of shameless looting of neighbourhood shops by slum-dwellers. Some of these people were too down-and-out to feel any emotion but ecstasy at a chance to "take what we deserve" from the affluent society they see around them. And signs of that affluence abound, particularly in advertisements for products and services that are well beyond necessities.

Take the pet-care field, for instance. From ads in a New York City local paper, "Our Town," readers learn that they can take their pets for grooming at "The Poodle Cut" ("cats by Carol, dogs by Nona") or at "Shaggy Dog" ("personal care by Cookie"). There is a shop called "Purification" — a cat lover's gallery where you can buy sculpture, lithographs and paintings, jewelry, etc. — all with a cat theme, of course.

New York City has a "Pet Nosh" — discount pet supermarket, which delivers to the animal's private home. I suppose it sells such items as I saw in another shop — plastic meats and sandwiches for doggie to play with. For the non-Jewish, non-Moslem canine, you can get a "vinyl pork chop" for the equivalent of IL\$80; or, if you prefer, a hamburger or hot dog in a bun for about the same price.

In yet another pet-accessories shop, I saw so many shapes and sizes of catnip-scented toys for felines that I had difficulty deciding what to choose for some Tel Aviv pets of my acquaintance. (I settled on mice-shaped ones, which seemed a safe bet for any cat.) And we haven't yet reached California, where pet worship reaches such proportions that there are elaborate pet cemeteries, complete with mausoleums.

THERE ARE plenty of novelty items for humans too. One of my favourite pastimes on this trip is to browse through book and game departments to spot the most outrageous gimmickry. How about *The Belly Dancer in You* — "the joyous way to a youthful figure and more vibrant personality"?

IN THE SAME bookshop in New York's La Guardia Airport, I found *Peter Rabbit's Natural Foods Cookbook* by Arnold Dobrin, with illustrations from the original Beatrix Potter series. There is a recipe for "Floppy, Mopsy and Cotton-tail's Fresh Blueberry Cobbler," but not for the hot oamomile tea which, you will recall, poor Peter got as a medicine. If you eat the "natural foods" suggested in the cookbook, you won't need any medication, the author implies.

My prize for far-out cookbooks, however, must go to *Cooking with Grass*, by George Vye and Stewart Grossman. "Grass" refers to marijuana, of course,



MARTHA IN AMERICA

although this term is never used in the book. New laws, at least in New York State, have "decriminalized" possession of small amounts of marijuana; holding large amounts is still a criminal offence. When the cookbook came out, any possession of grass was a crime, but the book is legitimate enough to have a Library of Congress Catalogue Number; I noticed.

THE introduction reads: "Many people find that it is much more hale it; there's less waste and a better head" (i.e., a better effect). A note of caution by the authors: "Always smoke a little of the dope before cooking; in order to test the potency."

Recipes range from "Grass Butter" and "Fish with Grass and Walnut Butter" to Chinese and vegetarian recipes. My favourite, though, is "Steward's Grandma's Matzo Bri." It calls for three to four whole matzos, two eggs, two and-a-half teaspoons of browned grass, and butter for frying. "Serve with jam or sugar like Grandma did."

Grandma, of course, would have fed grass to the cows, not the grandchildren. And if they smoke it, which they probably do, they would do well not to tell Grandma.

If book departments are fun, toy and game departments are even

daughters chose Charlie's Angels, Snow White and Snoopy-the-dog transfer pictures for their made-to-order shirts, which cost about IL\$50 a piece.

An entire shop devoted to personalized T-shirts while-you-wait (the designs are ironed on) is Jumpin' Jeans at 1655 Second Avenue, near E. 86th St. A map of the New York subway system is one of the suggestions. Robert Redford's picture is another. Another is a picture of a chicken hatching from an egg, with the inscription "I've Just Been Laid."

If you're willing to wait longer for your shirt, there are many places from which you can order one with a photograph of yourself or some loved one.

Among the people making money from personalized T-shirts are three young ex-Israelis. They call their photo T-shirt business "U.S. Image," and they operate by mail out of Santa Monica, Calif. The thriving business is expected to sell a quarter of a million photo T-shirts in 1977. The firm has 1,200 outlets, where black-and-white or colour photos can be dropped off, in the U.S. West and Midwest, and 800 will soon open in the South. Overseas orders come from as far as New Zealand and Australia. Had they opened the same business in Israel, I would have been happier.

IF YOU WANT something more elegant than your photo on a T-shirt, you can have a picture of your own home on a needlepoint canvas. An ad in *Architectural Digest* invites you to send a photo of your home to "Tapestry, Inc.," 5101 Wisconsin Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016, and it will be hand-painted onto a canvas for you to work in wool or silk. After analysing your photo, the firm will quote you a price "from \$200 and up" (IL\$2,000 or more). Mounting service is also provided.

Other Americans who have more money than they know what to do with can have a car hand-crafted for them by "Replicars, Inc.," which makes modern, drivable air-conditioned copies of three styles of old cars, including a "Rumble-Seat Roadster." Cost is only \$11,800 — about three times as much as most big modern American cars. Ironically, to an Israeli, IL\$19,000 does not seem such a lot to spend on a motor vehicle, even if it isn't custom-made, but merely burdened with customs duties.

Perhaps the ultimate in things for the affluent American who has everything else: "The Original Square Egg Maker." This is a gadget for turning an egg-shaped hard-boiled egg into a square one. What for? According to the ad, it "fits on square crackers," gives you a "salad with a flair," makes "unusual devilled eggs that won't roll off the platter." It's not an expensive toy — costs only \$8.95 (about IL\$40), plus 55 cents postage. The address, a final irony, is Poor Richard's Farms, in Ojus, Florida — an obvious derivation from Poor Richard's famous collection of folk wisdom. This is full of old saws such as "A penny saved is a penny earned," and "A stitch in time saves nine," — hardly the kind of advice likely to encourage people to buy a square egg maker. □

Martha Meisels

## Bird in the bush

CULINARY NOTES  
Haim Shapiro

THERE ARE TWO schools of thought about picnics. Some of us like to do the bulk of the work at the picnic site itself. We enjoy combing the area for bits of wood, which we then burn down to an acceptable pile of embers.

There is much to be said for doing things our way; it is far more interesting to get a fire going than to hit a little rubber ball back and forth. On the other hand, not all of us enjoy singed hair and burned hands. Those with children know that the necessary time-lapse between arrival at the site and serving up the *shishlik* can be agonizingly long. If the meat then turns out to be tough, gritty with sand, and underdone, it is hardly worth the effort.

One solution to this problem is to prepare fried chicken at home. The dish, tasty hot or cold, easily eaten with fingers and suitable for packing, is a perfect picnic food.

CHOOSE A LARGE bird weighing at least a kilo-and-a-half. It is always a good idea to buy a large chicken, which has a far greater percentage of meat to skin and bones than a smaller bird.

If the chicken is frozen, defrost it, wash it well to remove the excess salt used in the freezing process, and let it drain dry. Cut through the breastbone and wishbone with a large sharp knife. Then flatten out the bird and divide it in half by cutting just alongside the backbone.


Cut through the natural division between breast and leg sections and remove the wings and legs. Chop the breast section roughly in half and divide the thigh part at the joint. Now take a large plastic or paper bag, and insert a cup-and-a-half of flour, half a teaspoon of salt, pepper and ginger. If you have a little out-of-season celery, a few pieces will add flavour.

Heat a couple of centimetres of oil or margarine in a pan until it begins to smoke. Meanwhile, put a few pieces of chicken in the bag and shake well. Dust off excess flour and fry, bone side first, until it is brown. Turn and brown on the other side.

It is well to begin with the larger pieces and finish them off in a pan in a medium oven while you are frying the rest. In this way you can be sure that everything is cooked enough.

If you are leaving immediately for your picnic, wrap the chicken while it is hot and it will stay warm. Otherwise, leave it to cool, and refrigerate it until you are ready to go. □

# The Weekend Dry Bones



IN THE OLD PIONEERING DAYS OF THE RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS, IF YOU WANTED TO ROB A HOUSE, YOU JUST PACKED YOUR TOOLS AND ROBBED THE HOUSE. SIGH! BUT THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS. NOW WE'RE "ORGANIZED" AND FRANKLY...

## CRIME DOES NOT PAY, ...WHEN IT'S BEEN ORGANIZED BY ISRAELIS.

THESE DAYS YOU'VE GOT TO APPLY FOR A PERMIT.



YOU'LL HAVE TO FILL OUT A REQUEST TO COMMIT ROBBERY FORM AND SUBMIT THREE PHOTOS.




THEY'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE THAT THE PROPERTY DOESN'T BELONG TO ONE OF US AND THAT IT'S NOT SOME ONE ELSE'S TARGET.



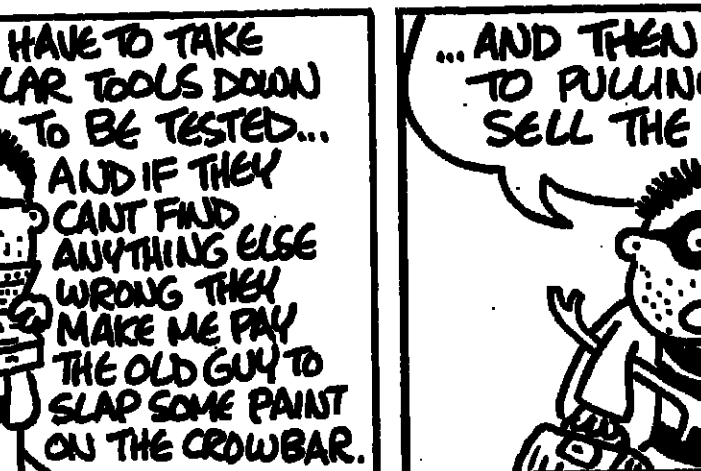
IT'S AFTER 3:00 SO THE OFFICE IS SHUT FOR THE DAY AND TOMORROW IS FRIDAY AND THEY DON'T RECEIVE.



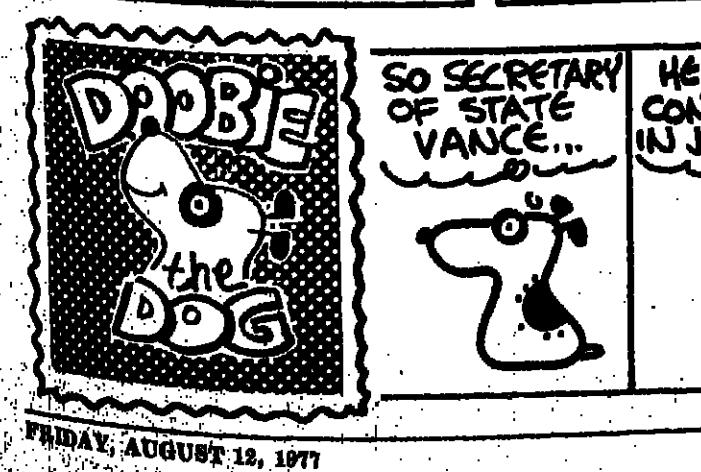
UGH! MY LICENSE IS ABOUT TO LAPSE!! I'LL HAVE TO BORROW THE MONEY TO PAY THE FEE...



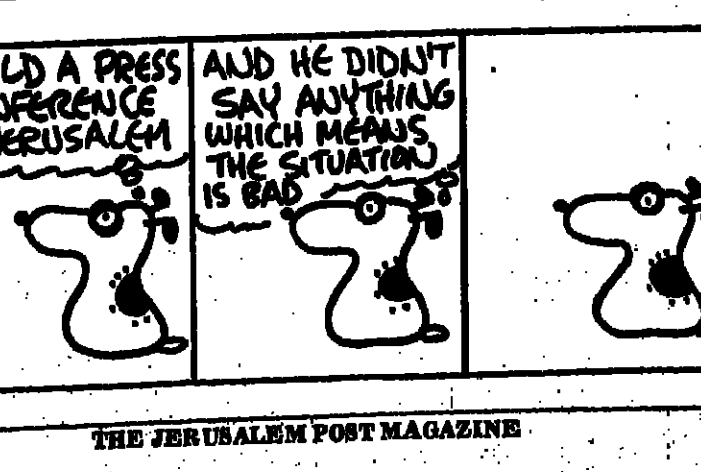
THEN I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY BURGLAR TOOLS DOWN TO BE TESTED... AND IF THEY CAN'T FIND ANYTHING ELSE WRONG THEY MAKE ME PAY THE OLD GUY TO SLAP SOME PAINT ON THE CROWBAR.



...AND THEN IF YOU EVER GET AROUND TO PULLING OFF A JOB YOU CAN'T SELL THE "MERCHANDISE" TO JUST ANYONE. OH NO! YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO AN "AUTHORIZED DEALER"...



TO A GOOD FENCE



SO SECRETARY OF STATE VANCE... HELD A PRESS CONFERENCE IN JERUSALEM AND HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING WHICH MEANS THE SITUATION IS BAD



OF COURSE IF HE HAD SAID SOMETHING IT PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN WORSE!

